DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri
27923
29
Periodical
Oa 8

The Outlook

JANUARY 6, 1915

LYMAN ABBOTT, Editor-in-Chief HAMILTON W. MABIE, Associate Editor
R. D. TOWNSEND, Managing Editor

THE WEEK

As already announced in this place, "The Story of the War," heretofore written by Mr. Arthur Bullard, will, beginning this week (see page 20), be prepared jointly by Mr. Gregory Mason, formerly The Outlook's representative in Mexico, and Mr. George Kennan, The Outlook's representative in the Spanish and Russo-Japanese wars. Mr. Mason will in the main relate the history of the war from week to week; Mr. Kennan will in the main deal with Russian and Japanese matters connected with the war. Meanwhile Mr. Arthur Bullard will be in England by the time this is read, will proceed to the Continent, and will by special articles from Europe complete The Outlook's triple treatment of the war.—THE EDITORS.

THE PHILIPPINE UNREST

Newspaper reports of a revolt in the Philippine Islands have been somewhat tardily acknowledged by Governor-General Harrison to contain at least a grain of truth. The Administration, perhaps rightly, regards the exaggerated form in which the news of native unrest reached this country as an attempt to influence the action of Congress upon the Jones Bill, now under consideration. This bill, readers of The Outlook will remember, grants an increased control over insular affairs to the natives of the islands, but is by no means as radical as previous measures fathered by Representative Jones. The present Jones Bill contains a vague preamble apparently pledging the United States to grant, at some date unmentioned, independence to the islands. The Outlook has already voiced its opinion that this particular preamble is worthless as a means of effecting its declared object, and pernicious in that it is more than likely to stir up added discontent and ill feeling among the Filipino politicians, who will without doubt regard it as a positive promise unfulfilled.

The most interesting and illuminating discussion of the present disturbance in the Philippine Islands has been made by Mr. Dean C. Worcester in an interview published by the New York "Tribune." Democrats should find comfort in the fact that he regards the present uprising of little political importance. Mr. Worcester said:

> I am inclined to discount on general principles the importance of any uprising inspired by Artemio Ricarte. He has tried repeatedly to cause trouble in the country, but never was successful. While I was Secretary I had a number of opportunities to familiarize myself with Ricarte's methods as well as those of other trouble-makers. The plan invariably pursued is this:
>
> Agents circulate among the people, telling them that a revolution is about to take place. They convince them that all is in readiness and that ample arms and supplies are available. Naturally, in order to protect himself, the Filipino would line up with the guns. Then he would be invited to buy himself a commission in the great army which he was led to believe already was forming.
>
> The price charged for a colonel's commission was about $5; that of a captain, $2; and to be a lieutenant cost $1. It was surprising how much money could be raised in that way. When the adventurer had accumulated sufficient funds, the whole revolution would fade into thin air. Quite frequently a list of alleged active revolutionary spirits would be placed where it could be found easily by the United States authorities. Usually it contained names of those not on good terms with the promoter of the affair. . . . At a time when the Jones Bill is pending stories of this sort should be scrutinized with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

especial care. There are Filipinos opposed to the bill who might start them to influence public opinion.

The charge published this morning in a New York paper that American business men in Manila were responsible for the trouble is preposterous. . . . They never have resorted to such practices and they never will.

Even though Democrats are justified in finding comfort in Mr. Worcester's explanation of the facts in the present case, certainly his description of the manner in which Philippine revolts are manufactured must prove disconcerting to any one who maintains the theory that the islands are ready for self-government. Using revolutionary propaganda as a substitute for the conventional gold brick is certainly a novel political and economic expedient. The success of this plan speaks well for the intelligence, astuteness, and the social education of its victims!

THE SITUATION IN JAPAN

For a number of years past the political issue which has most deeply interested the Japanese has been the reduction of taxes. The burden is almost unbearable; it falls mainly on the commercial classes, very little on the wage-earners. It has been borne with wonderful patience; but of late there has been a growing restiveness and a determination not to add to the load which Japan is carrying. Two years ago the question of strengthening the army by the addition of two divisions overthrew the Ministry in power at that time; and now the Emperor has dissolved the Diet as the result of its determined opposition to the budget which provided for an expenditure during 1915 of two hundred and seventy-eight million dollars.

This proposed expenditure was defeated by a majority of sixty-five after a very dramatic and bitter debate. That Count Okuma, the Premier, who has many times declared that Japan needs nothing so much as a prolonged period of quiet self-development, should have submitted this budget shows the apprehension which exists in that country over the possibilities of the European struggle. The budget provided, according to telegraphic reports, for the increase of the army by two divisions and for a considerable addition to the fighting force of the navy.

The key to the situation is to be found in a sentence in an address of the Emperor, "The great war is not yet ended;" and the present measure was undoubtedly forced upon a reluctant Ministry by the possibilities of the situation. Its defeat by a considerable majority is an expression of the national feeling against any increase for military expenditure. At the same time, the Japanese are intensely patriotic; and if any development of the war should endanger Japan, the opposition to expenditure might vanish like a mist.

The action of the Diet is a significant answer to the sinister prophecies of those "yellow" Americans who are trying their best to accustom the country to the idea that sooner or later there must be a war between the United States and Japan. No responsible statesman has yet taken part in this propaganda of misunderstanding and irritation. International mischief-makers are never responsible people.

UNNECESSARY, INHOSPITABLE, IMPOLITIC

It is greatly to be hoped, in the interest of Japan, of the United States, and of the Pacific Coast, that the article which appears on the front page of The Outlook's namesake on the Pacific Coast, the "California Outlook," of December 19, with reference to possible anti-Japanese legislation during the coming winter, forecasts the future. Objections to anti-Japanese agitation this winter from the standpoint of this writer are: that it is not necessary, that it is not hospitable, and that it is not politic. This is not the highest ground, but it is sufficiently solid to encourage the hope that we may get on higher ground later. What is needed in dealing with Japan is a knowledge of the facts and the education that will come with them—and time is a very important element in securing both.

The only anti-Japanese legislation that has been suggested is the abolition of the leasing clause in the so-called Webb Law. There is no emergency, this writer tells us, making that abolition important. Japan, it is graciously conceded, is to be the guest of California—almost the chief guest. Indeed, it may be surmised that the Japanese Exhibit at the Panama-Pacific Exposition at San Francisco will be the most complete and beautiful feature of its kind which will be offered to visitors. The writer comments on the fact that wanton offense to the Japanese at this time might injure the very life of the Ministry which has carried through this gracious and courteous contribution to the Exposition. And it adds, with considerable good sense, that in the third

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

place it is bad business to light matches in a powder magazine. The world is just now such a magazine; much of it is already afire, and the fire, this California writer says, may spread in many directions.

So far as Japan and the United States are concerned, the only powder in the magazine is that which has been manufactured for the purpose. All the powder in the magazine is put there by mistaken or self-seeking politicians, yellow journalists and sensation-mongers, all of whom are stirrers-up of strife. The situation, as the writer in the "California Outlook" sees it, is that some irritating measures may be introduced into the Legislature, and there may be much irritating talk, but that no anti-Japanese legislation can be passed.

If expositions help us to a wiser policy and better manners, it might be well worth while for the General Government to pay half the expenses of a yearly exposition on the Pacific Coast.

THE COMMUNITY CHRISTMAS

The community Christmas tree has taken root and has been shining in many parts of the country. The lighted tree, emblem of the most beautiful memories and the highest hopes of humanity and furnishing a center around which men of all conditions and faiths can rally, has brightened the winter landscape in many places from the Atlantic to the Pacific. At Washington the great open square before the National Capitol was illumined by a tree with myriad lights, a great star blazing at its top. The tableau of the birth in the manger was presented with very beautiful effect; while the Nativity hymns, rendered by the Marine Band and a great chorus of women's voices, came across the snow and interpreted with extraordinary effectiveness the spectacle on which thousands of people were looking.

At Houghton, Michigan, in the mining district, a Christmas tree suddenly shone forth out of the darkness at seven o'clock. As in other towns, it was a real community enterprise; the county electric company furnished the illumination; the great fir tree was contributed by a humble private citizen; and the land on which the tree stood was supplied by one of the opulent families in the town. What gave the occasion special interest and novelty was the presence of two choirs of Cornish miners, brought from Painesdale and Trimountain without charge by the Copper Range Railroad to sing the old English carols in the old English way. Although Lake Superior nights in December are not specially adapted for out-of-door festivities, there were two thousand children present, with a great crowd of their elders; and the radiant beauty of the tree with its associations carried the Christmas spirit into every family in the town.

New York, which has been one of the cities to lead the way in a community celebration, again lighted a great tree in Madison Square and one in Columbus Circle, and church bells and the voices of great choirs united in rendering the Christmas music. Many towns about New York caught the spirit of the city; and in places like Montclair, Lakewood, and Summit, New Jersey, beautiful in location, the sense of the community life was deepened by the assembling of men and women of all conditions to see the glowing tree and to join in the moving Christmas songs. In the West, where the community spirit has always been strong, there were many celebrations of this kind. There cannot be too many; for anything which makes men and women realize that they share a common life, bear common responsibilities, and must stand or fall together, has a great educational effect.

CHRISTMAS HOSPITALITY

One of the pleasantest Christmas parties of this season, we venture to say, was that held by the Young Women's Christian Association of Brooklyn, New York. The guests were invited after this form:

THE YOUNG WOMEN'S
CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION
Flatbush Ave. and Schermerhorn St.

ALL THE WOMEN AND GIRLS IN
BROOKLYN AND LONG ISLAND WELCOME
From 4 P.M. to 11 P.M.

CHRISTMAS DAY

TO CHAT, TO LAUGH AND TO MAKE MERRY
Bring your friends and enjoy yourselves
to your heart's content.

NO CHARGE

Such invitations as this, extended through the press and by means of attractive posters, brought some two hundred and fifty women and girls to the building of the Young Women's Christian Association on Christmas

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Day. There they found the atmosphere of good cheer which the invitations offered to them: in one hall, almost continuous moving pictures with some beautiful reels and some "funny" ones, interlarded with music and dramatic readings; in the gymnasium, dancing; and in the cafeteria, coffee and sandwiches at supper time to any one who cared to use the "merry Christmas" coupon given to every comer.

The secretary, under whose leadership the party was planned, made it a point to speak to each guest, and in the course of her conversations found that the large majority were those who had no other place in which to spend the evening in cheerful society: the French refugee; the Armenian woman who gladly allowed the secretary to pin on her arm a committee badge, and gave herself to entertaining a group of Syrian girls; mothers with little children; the little girl of ten who looked only six, whose mother works all day and could not even call for her, so that she must have been sent home before supper-time had not a mother offered to add her care to that of her own children, and deliver her safely at home if she might be allowed to stay; young girls, occupied in the city, but without home ties, who first learned of the Young Women's Christian Association and its hospitality through the advertisements or the posters. "We mean to turn no one away from the building on that day," said the committee, and they had no need to.

Not once was the spirit of hospitality violated. Moreover, the co-operation of the community was a testimony to the sympathy the plan enlisted: special advertising rates were made by the newspapers; the food and the labor to prepare it were almost wholly donated; Packer Institute and merchants of the city provided the Christmas decorations; Pratt Institute provided a dramatic reader, and from its Department of Fine Arts twelve posters; committee members, who had no lack of social opportunities, even of social claims, came at a sacrifice to enter heartily into the joyousness.

When the time finally came to bring the evening to a close, a young man, who had been using his gifts as a leader to make the dancing in the gymnasium as successful as one of the parties of his own social set, gathered together the dancers and got them to march down to the hall on the main floor for the carol singing. Only the first carol needed the leading provided. When the words were thrown on the screen, the song rang out spontaneously.

Had larger numbers come, they would have been welcome; those who did come, however, unquestionably accepted the invitation to enjoy themselves to their hearts' content.

SING SING'S GREATEST DAY

From the night before Christmas, when friends of Warden Osborne started to help in the distribution of his tokens to the prisoners in the old cell-house at Sing Sing, to the end of Christmas evening, when the Warden gave one of his characteristic talks to two hundred prisoners grouped around him in the dormitory, it was called "the greatest day that Sing Sing ever had." And this was the verdict not only of prisoners but of guards and prison officials just as enthusiastically.

The event which attracted the most attention was the production, through the courtesy of William A. Brady, the theatrical manager, of a new play called "Sinners." Whether or not the title was more appropriate for this particular audience than for ones "outside," the prisoners seemed to enjoy the performance, and applauded heartily when a poor country girl was saved from yielding to the designs of the wicked.

To the handful of "outsiders" who were in attendance the most interesting thing was doubtless the novelty of a "first performance" in prison. But greater significance attached to something which went on so quietly as scarcely to be noticed. The audience was handled, not by guards and keepers, but by a sergeant-at-arms with assistants, chosen by the prisoners themselves. For the play was given under the auspices of the "Golden Rule Brotherhood," the self-government organization of the inmates, described in The Outlook for December 23.

Heretofore Christmas Day at Sing Sing has been a day of loneliness. After breakfast in the mess hall, each man spent the day in his cell, where his other meals were served to him. At breakfast, and on the way to and from it, the rule of silence was strictly enforced. This year, as the gray lines came down through the gloomy corridors in the morning and halted near each other, men were permitted the human touch of handshakes and Christmas greetings between each other. And the orderly conversation

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

during meals and in the chapel before the performance of the play showed how needless the old restraint was—there was much less hubbub than in the average college dining-hall.

Indications of the new spirit at Sing Sing cropped out all during the day. The friends of the Warden who visited the cell-house with his remembrances had to speak quickly to get ahead of the Christmas greetings nearly every prisoner had. "We're with him in what he's trying to do," "He can count on us," and "Give my best to Tom Brown"—the name under which Mr. Osborne spent his week in Auburn Prison—were typical remarks said in tones of unmistakable sincerity.

Christmas Day at Sing Sing closed with a group of prisoners singing a Christmas hymn in an adjoining room while the Warden was at dinner. When the latter left the table to sit at the piano and give them a rollicking song, he supplied just one more instance of that spirit in the new order of things at Sing Sing—which means the Christmas spirit throughout the year.

A HUNDRED YEARS OF PEACE

It was on Christmas Eve one hundred years ago that the treaty of peace between Great Britain and the United States was signed in the Carthusian Monastery at Ghent. An interesting photograph of the Monastery as it is to-day appears elsewhere in The Outlook this week. Together with it appears a quaint old drawing of the Battle of New Orleans (January 8, 1814), which took place two weeks after the treaty was signed, so slow were communications in those days.

Elaborate plans for celebrating the centenary of a hundred years of peace between the great English-speaking peoples that followed this treaty had been made. At Ghent, as well as in England and America, banquets, orations, and memorial exercises were to take place. Inevitably the existence of the vast war in which Belgium and England are now involved has interfered with the proposed celebration, but the intention to found perpetual memorials of the peace centenary have been postponed rather than abandoned.

Certainly the lessons suggested by this century of international amity have been strengthened, not weakened, by the present war. Great Britain and the United States have been at peace, not because there were not causes of disagreement, and even crises of anxiety—the two articles by Senator Lodge in The Outlook about a year ago showed that fact vividly and almost startlingly. The two nations have been at peace because each respected the other, was willing to listen calmly to the representations of the other, was not influenced by excessive desire for conquest and territorial expansion. Imagine for one moment Germany on the other side of our long northern boundary line—Germany with her present ideas of supremacy, scorn for treaty obligations, and contempt for democracy! How long under those circumstances would that treaty of peace signed at Ghent have been more than a scrap of paper?

A French writer, Baron d'Estournelles de Constant, in the current issue of the "Review of Reviews," says that Europeans find it hard to understand this hundred years' peace. He adds: "It has been a peace which seemed paradoxical, a peace between two nations hitherto irreconcilable, not merely two enemy nations, but worse, two enemy brothers who had become rivals. It is possible that this peace of a hundred years has not transformed human nature—one would not expect that—but it has broken men of the habit of believing that war is a solution. The peace of Ghent will not be celebrated this year. Americans, however, will continue to honor it, for it has served to promote truth, righteousness, and progress."

MADAME VANDERVELDE

On another page appears the portrait of one whose appeal for her starving compatriots has been signally successful.

Madame Lalla Vandervelde is the wife of the well-known Belgian Socialist leader, and thoroughly sympathizes with her husband's views. His economic as well as political work has brought him in close touch with the people of Belgium, and his wife's knowledge of popular needs is likewise of a thoroughgoing and intimate kind. Now that the Belgian people are surrounded by a ring of steel, now that their homes are destroyed and they are in dire distress, it is their good fortune to be represented here by one who knows them well, who is delightfully conversant with our language, and whose manner is singularly engaging.

As might be expected, with such assets Madame Vandervelde has not appealed in vain to Americans for gifts to the Belgian Relief Fund. In her three months' cam-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

paign she has already gathered together some $200,000, represented by supplies and cash. She has been particularly desirous of obtaining flour, and has been visiting the Northwest in this endeavor. She has also been in Canada.

In talking with members of The Outlook staff Madame Vandervelde showed great enthusiasm in describing her impressions of America. She has traveled widely here and has spoken frequently. The vastness and potentiality of this country have, of course, impressed her profoundly, but not more than the attitude of our people towards the unfortunate or oppressed, no matter where found.

Madame Vandervelde has now become famous. Her husband is also widely known. To him Belgium owes the organization of its great electoral reform movement. The leader of a party recruited mostly from the non-property-holding classes, he naturally fought the electoral system of plural voting. By it a man who paid a house tax of a dollar a year, or who had $400 worth of real estate, had two votes. By this system a smaller number of men could outvote a larger. Belgium was a plutocracy. Its Parliament was controlled by a plutocratic and clerical majority.

The Socialist leader repeatedly urged upon Parliament the necessity of Constitutional revision, admitting, as he saw the members against him, that "our proposition is going to be rejected now," but always vigorously prophesying that "it will be taken up again." It was, and with a vengeance. Parliament continuing obdurate, the Socialists finally inaugurated a general strike. It lasted eleven days. The Government capitulated.

THE APPEAL IN THE FRANK CASE

Apparently the vital question in the famous Frank case has a chance of being considered in the courts. That question is not whether Leo M. Frank, the young man of Atlanta, Georgia, now under sentence of death, is guilty or not, but whether such a mob spirit as was exhibited during his trial is allowable in American courts. It is, of course, highly important to determine whether a specific prisoner is guilty of the crime charged against him or innocent, but it is even more important to determine whether such a question is to be decided, not by the passion of a mob or a crowd, or even of a cityful of people, but by those orderly processes which the experience of the race has shown to be essential to the establishment of justice. It is this important issue that is involved in the Frank case, and it is this important issue that bids fair to be the subject of judicial inquiry.

For a while it seemed as if that issue was to be left undecided by default; but Justice Lamar, of the United States Supreme Court, has granted to Leo M. Frank the right to appeal to the United States Supreme Court for permission to ask for a writ of habeas corpus, and this opens the way to raising this whole question concerning the influence of the mob upon the trial of his case.

In petitioning for this right to appeal to the Supreme Court Leo Frank, through his counsel, alleged that public feeling against him was so great at the time of his trial for murder that the Presiding Judge advised his counsel not to have him present in the court-room when the verdict was returned, and that in consequence his involuntary absence deprived him of a right which is guaranteed to him and to all men under such circumstances by the Constitution. This is not a technical plea. On the contrary, it is one that concerns the very foundations of justice. When this point was raised before, the chance for argument upon it was denied because it was not raised in the proper way. In that instance the United States Supreme Court decided that it was raised so as to involve only a question of State practice, and that was a matter for the State courts of Georgia to determine. Now, however, it has been raised as a matter of Constitutional right, involving that provision of the Constitution which entitles every accused man to be tried according to "due process of law."

Justice Lamar, in granting this appeal, says:

> The Supreme Court of the United States has never determined whether on a trial for murder in a State court the due process clause of the Federal Constitution guarantees the defendant a right to be present when the verdict is rendered.
>
> Neither has it decided the effect of a final judgment refusing a new trial in a case where the defendant did not make the fact of his absence, when the verdict was returned, a ground of the motion or claim that the rendition of the verdict in his absence was the denial of a right guaranteed by the Federal Constitution.
>
> Nor has it passed upon the effect of its own refusal to grant a writ of error in a case where an alleged jurisdictional question was presented

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in a motion filed at a time not authorized by the practice of the State where the trial took place.

Inasmuch as all these questions are involved in the present case, Justice Lamar decided that an Act of Congress of 1908 required the allowing of the appeal.

The lower Federal court, it should be explained, had denied that Frank could ask for a writ of habeas corpus, and had refused to allow Frank to appeal to the United States Supreme Court. Justice Lamar simply allows this appeal. It remains for the United States Supreme Court now to decide whether Frank has a right to petition for this writ. If the Supreme Court decides that he has this right to petition for this writ, then he, through his counsel, has to go down to the lower Federal court and ask for the writ. Then, if the lower court refuses the writ, he can appeal again to the Supreme Court to get the writ. If, finally, he secures the writ, then the question remains to be decided whether he is to be freed altogether or whether he will have to stand trial again.

In all this it is evident that it is not now so much a man who is on trial as it is American courts of justice

THE NOTORIOUS THAW CASE AGAIN

Another stage in what seems to be an unending case was reached by the recent decision of the Supreme Court when it ordered Harry Thaw back to the State of New York.

After his second trial on the charge of murder, Thaw, acquitted on the ground of insanity, was sent to the Asylum for the Criminal Insane at Matteawan, New York. His various attempts to gain his liberty by persuading the authorities that he was sane did much to bring New York's criminal law into disrepute; but they were unsuccessful. Finally, however, he succeeded in escaping, not through the operation of the law, but by the simple process of walking out of the asylum and into a waiting automobile. His experiences in Canada partook of the theatrical, and ended in his return to this country, but not to the State of New York. For many months he has been in New Hampshire.

Against the efforts of the New York authorities to reincarcerate him it has been argued that he cannot be seized, whether he is sane or insane. If he is sane, so the argument runs, he cannot be sent to an insane asylum; while if he is insane, he is incapable of committing the crime of conspiracy to escape, and therefore no criminal proceedings for his return to New York are valid.

The Supreme Court brushes this whole argument aside by saying, "This is not Thaw's trial." The question as to Thaw's sanity or insanity, it says, is one for the New York courts to decide; and the fact that he has been indicted for escaping from the insane asylum is sufficient ground for his extradition. It sometimes takes the law a long time to arrive at a conclusion that common sense would reach at once. It is a satisfaction to note how frequently the United States Supreme Court in these days finds that the law and common sense are in agreement.

A FRIEND OF WORKINGWOMEN

The workingwomen in this country have had no more practical, zealous, and effective friend than Miss Grace Hoadley Dodge, who recently died at her home in New York City. Miss Dodge was a member of a family noted for its interest in religious and philanthropic work; and the statue of her grandfather, William Earl Dodge, which stands in Herald Square, recalls one of the great merchants of New York who was also a great philanthropist.

After leaving the well-known school for girls founded by Sarah Porter at Farmington, Connecticut, Miss Dodge became interested in the work of Mr. Moody, and was not long in finding her life interest as a worker for young women. She was deeply interested in the welfare of the Young Women's Christian Association, the President of which declared that "no greater calamity could befall the young women of the country than the loss of Miss Dodge, who so well knew and understood them." She was for many years President of the National Board of these Associations, which number nearly a thousand branches throughout the country. To the new building of the National Board in the city of New York she contributed, as a memorial to her mother, the sum of $25,000; and when, two years ago, the campaign was inaugurated in the same city to raise a $4,000,000 fund for the extension of the work of the Associations, she gave $250,000.

The Teachers College, affiliated with Columbia University in the same city, held a large place in her interest. She was one of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

its founders, and at one time its treasurer. One of her deepest convictions was the necessity of providing for the professional education of women. In recognition of her leadership in this work Miss Dodge was appointed by Mayor Grace a member of the Board of School Commissioners in New York. At the time of her death she was President of the Board of Trustees of the American College for Women in Constantinople. Although a woman of large wealth, she was a tireless worker; and no one ever gave herself more completely with and in her great gifts of money. Her interests were so many and her duties so exacting that she denied herself all but the briefest vacations.

The Outlook was at one time closely associated with her work in the organization of Working-Girls' Clubs, and learned at first hand the rare combination of idealism, devotion, and practical suggestion which made Miss Dodge one of the most useful Americans of her time.

WAR SURGERY IN FRANCE

The conclusions of former recent wars that the modern gunshot wound is comparatively humane and easy to treat are emphatically denied by recent writers in European and American magazines, notably by Dr. J. P. Hoguet, of New York, who writes in the "Journal of the American Medical Association" of his experiences in French and American-French hospitals during the first months of the war. The wounds in the Spanish-American and the Russo-Japanese Wars were usually small, clean, and not lacerated; but the present conditions of transportation, says Dr. Hoguet, the vast number of men now in the field, and, above all, the enormous use of shrapnel and the frightfully unhygienic conditions at the front, make the chance of an aseptic wound from any kind of shot almost nil from the moment it is received. "One of the wounded, who was being undressed at a base hospital in Paris in November, said that the trousers then being removed were the ones he started to the front in in the early days of August, and that he had not had them off once since then. The hospital bed was the first one he had been in since he had been called from his own home by the mobilization. It is hard to conceive how a bullet traversing such clothes can stay aseptic." The rifle bullet wounds result in many "butterfly" fractures, so called, with great shattering of the bone and infection from the first.

The ricocheted bullets, by the way, which are flattened by deflection before hitting their man, Dr. Hoguet thinks, are responsible for the charges of dumdum bullets. The wounds made by bits of shrapnel are practically always infected and the fractures badly comminuted. In one patient seventy-five bits of shrapnel were found of an average size of a small pebble. Because so much of the fighting is done from trenches the majority of wounds are in the head and extremities. Horrible shrapnel wounds to the face and eyes are common. The American dental surgeons, of whom we have heard so much, have done brilliant work in saving men with bad fractures of both upper and lower jaws.

The one ray of light in the whole article, its horrors only slightly obscured by its scientific phraseology, is the discussion of the "conservatism" possible nowadays in treatment. Abdominal operations are not performed on the field, and men with abdominal wounds are sent to the rear in a sitting position, and not operated upon, even at the base hospitals, until the infection is localized. The X-ray and the modern aseptic methods of surgery have apparently done away with the old probing. Amputations in the French and British hospitals are delayed as long as possible in every case, a policy said not to be that of the German military hospitals. "An idea," says Dr. Hoguet, "of the gravity of these fractures and the difficulties of their treatment may be somewhat appreciated when it is remembered that these patients have been for several months living under a terrible strain and often with insufficient food. The reason that conservatism can be used at all is that these patients are young men."

PRESIDENT HADLEY ON INTELLECTUAL STIMULUS

President Hadley, in his annual report, lays upon the Yale alumni the direct responsibility for the lack of intellectual stimulus for the best men, which, in his opinion, is the greatest problem the University has to face. It is a problem, he says, that is not to be solved by any changes that may be made in the external organization of the institution, such as would be involved in the proposal to organize a third college which might offer a choice between two courses, one for the student of modern literature and history, and another intended more specifically as a preparation

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for business and commerce. It is a problem that can be solved only by graduate opinion.

As usual, President Hadley's presentation of the case is clear and convincing. The Yale undergraduate, he says, is keenly sensitive to the public opinion of the alumni. His loyalty to Yale is a passion with him, and his one desire is to fulfill his duty to his Alma Mater in a way that will meet the approval of the graduates. "If," says President Hadley, "he thinks his duty to Yale is best performed by winning football games, he will submit to untold inconvenience for that purpose." If, on the other hand, he were to become convinced that the graduates cared for intellectual development, he would devote himself to intellectual development. The sentiment of the college world, in other words, reflects accurately the sentiment of the graduate world.

Thus President Hadley places squarely upon the shoulders of the graduates the duty of creating a more intellectual atmosphere among the students, "as an essential for making Yale what it should be." He has, however, no suggestion to make as to how this desired change of alumni sentiment can be brought about. That, he would probably say, lies outside his province; it is enough for him to point out the cause of the difficulty which the University authorities find constantly confronting them, and which prevents them from making the institution of the highest service. It is for the graduates themselves to find the remedy.

One of the chief obstacles to be overcome in effecting any such change of alumni sentiment is to be found in the motives which, according to President Hadley's own admission, lead many fathers to send their boys to college. "A boy," he says, "goes to college not primarily nor wholly for the sake of pursuing certain studies, but for the sake of breathing a certain atmosphere, of competing for certain traditional rewards of undergraduate life, of entering certain societies that his father has known, and meeting certain men or the successors of certain men whom his father has met." This is undoubtedly true of many, perhaps of the majority, of boys entering college, and it is a perfectly legitimate argument, for President Hadley's purposes, against the feasibility of establishing at Yale a third college, which for many years would be devoid of such an atmosphere and of such traditions. So long, however, as these are the motives which lead most men to send their sons to college, it would seem to be hopeless for the authorities to look forward to co-operation on the part of the alumni in the work of creating in the University an intellectual, as distinguished from an athletic and a social, atmosphere.

The ideal solution of the problem might be found in a sufficiently large body of graduate opinion which should require that intellectual excellence should be cultivated on parallel lines with athletic skill or social distinction, a plan which would tend to bring our college-bred youth more nearly up to the ancient Greek standard. There are few signs, however, that this distant goal is possible of attainment, although the election to the Harvard chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa Society of young Mr. Coolidge, who made the phenomenal run the length of the Yale field for a touchdown, shows that it is not altogether out of reach in exceptional cases.

THE AMERICAN PROTEST TO GREAT BRITAIN

What purports to be a friendly statement for the purpose of reaching a mutual understanding was sent on Christmas Eve from this country to the Government of Great Britain. It is in the nature of a protest or remonstrance against certain practices of the British navy in searching vessels engaged in commerce between neutral countries. Although the text of this communication had not been made public up to the middle of last week, the Administration evidently wishes it understood that its tone is characterized altogether by friendliness and good will. Nevertheless its receipt, according to reports, has occasioned concern in Great Britain. The British people believe they are fighting for the rights of neutral countries, and they have been disturbed by what seems to them not a very friendly act on the part of the biggest of all the neutral Powers.

The protest has been occasioned by a series of actions on the part of British ships of war that have interfered with American commerce. Vessels containing goods destined for neutral countries have been searched on the high seas. When it has proved impossible to give them a thorough examination, they have been diverted to British ports, and there they have been searched more thoroughly. Moreover, goods consigned to neutral countries have been seized, even though those goods were not clearly contra-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

band or definitely assigned to a belligerent. Great Britain has declared as "conditional contraband" goods which have heretofore not been so regarded. The geographical position of Germany and Austria has made it possible for shippers to send contraband of war through such neutral territory as Holland, Denmark, Norway, and Italy; and Great Britain is determined to prevent, as far as possible, the receipt of such contraband by her enemy. The British view is that goods which may be used for military or naval purposes must be held up unless it is clear that they are going for the use of neutral peoples or for a civilian population. For that reason she has been holding up goods assigned "to order," because such goods cannot be easily traced after their arrival in a neutral country, whereas goods sent to a specific consignee can be so traced and controlled by the neutral government.

The reason for these changed conditions of search and seizure is to be found in the changed conditions of warfare. Gasoline, for instance, formerly not thought of as contraband, is now a very important factor in the operation of war; so with copper and many other materials. Then, too, the search of merchantmen on the high seas is attended with difficulties that did not formerly exist. The great size of seagoing vessels necessitates a long period of search. In the meantime a war-vessel standing by while the search is made is exposed to attack by the modern submarine. In order that the search may be thorough and may be carried out without incurring peril, it is contended by British authorities that merchantmen must be diverted in many cases to British ports. Additional difficulty has been caused by the practice of some exporters in concealing contraband articles. For instance, cartridges and cartridge cases, copper, and rubber may very easily be placed in the middle of bales of cotton.

Whether the United States has really a reasonable ground for protest concerning some of these instances of seizure we do not know. It is certain, however, that if the United States were at war, we would do all in our power to see that nothing contraband should reach the enemy; and certainly we have no moral right to insist that Great Britain should do what we, were we in her place, would refuse to do. Our protest, moreover, would come with better grace if our Government could accompany it with assurances that it was preventing American shippers from disguising contraband. If the United States allows American shippers to export contraband in a concealed form and does nothing to prevent them from doing so, it has deprived itself of the right to complain when a belligerent country undertakes to see that such concealed contraband does not get through to its destination. Of course American merchants are entirely within their rights in shipping contraband to Germany or to Great Britain or to any other belligerent; but we cannot justly protest against methods which any belligerent may take to prevent such contraband reaching its enemy, unless we are ready to assume the responsibility of insuring that that contraband is shipped openly and honestly.

The important point, however, is this: When we had an opportunity to protest with regard to the violation of the Hague Convention concerning neutral territory, we held our peace; but now, when questions of American commerce arise, we protest. Belgium suffered, and we said nothing; our trade suffers, and we speak. On questions of honor and obligation we keep silence; we raise our voice only when dollars are involved. And this matter is more disturbing because the only protest that we launch is against those who are fighting our battle for liberty and democracy. To those who regard their Nation's honor as important as its material interests this incident brings some sense of humiliation, and it brings disappointment to those who felt that they had reason to expect from the present Administration an exhibition of idealism.

If Great Britain should reply—as it has been intimated she would—that so long as contraband continues to be shipped in concealed form and with disingenuous bills of lading she must continue the practice of thorough search, but that in case of mistake she will pay damages, to be fixed by friendly negotiations at the close of the war, there is nothing, so far as we can see, for us to do but to acquiesce. The only alternatives are, on the one hand, to undertake retaliatory measures which might lead to results which no one would care to contemplate, and, on the other hand, to continue futile and ineffective protests. Neither of these alternatives, we believe, is reasonable. We agree with the London "Times" when it says: "It is quite inconceivable that two sensible peoples on the friendliest of terms with each other should

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not succeed in devising a *modus vivendi* in accordance with the general principles of international law, which will at the same time meet the peculiar facts and circumstances of this unprecedented war."

JOHN MUIR: NATURALIST

Those who fear that life has lost its color in these bustling times of practical work will do well to read the life of John Muir, who died at Los Angeles the day before Christmas, at the ripe age of seventy-six.

Conditions have changed since Drake scoured the seas under an informal arrangement with Queen Elizabeth by which he divided the spoils with her when he was successful and she disowned any connection with him when he got into trouble. Those were brave days; and Drake, Frobisher, and the men of that time were brave men. But these are brave days too; and much more considerate of other people's rights.

Into this quieter age John Muir was born, with a clear brain, an energetic will, and an indomitable thirst for growth and life. He sprang from a soil prolific of heroic men and women who have combined idealism and practical good sense; for he saw the light of day in Dunbar, Scotland. After the Scotch fashion, he went to school almost as soon as he was born—that is to say, at the age of three. Two years later, at the manly age of five, he was, according to his own story, a belligerent of extraordinary vitality and success among his fellow-pupils. Half a dozen fights in a day with the other school-boys was no uncommon occurrence; and the natural history chapters in the school readers divided his interest with these fisticuff adventures.

One night his father came home and said, quietly, "Bairns, you needna learn your lessons the nicht, for we're gan to America the morn;" and to America the family came and began life as pioneers in Wisconsin. It was an orderly house, ruled by rules; but the boy John, although not allowed to study at night, secured permission to begin at one o'clock in the morning. This was a highly characteristic Scotch arrangement: the law was kept to the letter, but completely shattered in fact.

The boy was already busy with his jack-knife making new kinds of kites and clocks, although he had never seen a clock, and showing extraordinary versatility of mind and skill of hand. He devised an automatic sawmill, a bathing-machine, a thermometer which, being fastened to the side of the house, registered the temperature by the expansion and contraction of the metal of which it was made. At the age of twenty-two the young mechanician set out to visit the State Fair at Madison, carrying with him a lot of wooden machines. Since his arrival in Wisconsin he had never been six miles from home before; but the engineer and conductor found a fellow-spirit in him, and he went to Madison in the locomotive. His devices awakened wide interest; but he had the good sense to be modest; and he did not even read the accounts of his machines in the newspapers.

While he was in town he learned that he could study at the State University; and he spent four years in the institution, paying his own way. Not long after leaving college he made a long walking trip through four or five States. It was characteristic of the quality of his mind that in his traveling-bag he carried Burns's Poems, Milton's "Paradise Lost," and the New Testament. Cuba and Florida were included in this journey. Later he went, by way of the Isthmus, to San Francisco, where he arrived without a dollar. He cared nothing for the city; but he immediately lost his heart to the Sierra Nevadas; and began on foot that intimate acquaintance which lasted all his life and developed into a passionate affection.

He was the real discoverer of the "glorious Yosemite," as he called it. He not only discovered it, but he presently turned his study, observation, and acquaintance with it to such account that he reversed all the accepted opinions as to its geological history. It was characteristic of him that the Yosemite, one of the most sublimely beautiful landscapes in the world, captivated him; and that he should put a practical basis under his feet by managing a sawmill. He was an example of the kind of education which makes a man's hand serve his brain.

In 1876 he became a member of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey and saw Alaska, traveling many miles alone. Two years later he joined the expedition which went in search of De Long, and had the opportunity of studying the coast of Siberia, visiting most of the important ice rivers, and preparing for his later trip to Norway and Switzerland. Although of a daring genius, as all great adventurers must be, he was a man of scientific habits of mind, careful obser-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

vation, thorough reflection, and had an eye for a fact, whether it was written in a book or in stones. All this time he was not only a naturalist, but an artist; for the soul of the hills spoke to his soul, and there was a wonderful fellowship between them. John Muir belonged to a type very often praised, very rarely realized: he was a natural man. He lived on the most intimate terms with nature, but not after the savage fashion. On the contrary, his intelligence was of the keenest and his training had been of the best. So he became not only an explorer and lover of the hills, but their defender and champion. He was a resolute fighter for the right of the people to own their scenery and forests; and readers of The Outlook have not forgotten the brave fight he made for the preservation of the Yosemite, and later of the Hetch Hetchy Valley, which is in the immediate neighborhood of the Yosemite and shares to an extraordinary degree its combination of beauty and sublimity. In this fight he was seconded by the tireless devotion of Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson, then editor of the "Century Magazine."

The big trees fascinated him. "No other tree in the world," he said, "as far as I know, has looked down on so many centuries as the Sequoia, or opens such impressive and suggestive views into history." These trees, like the impressive cryptomeria of Japan, have become National emblems.

Mr. Muir knew not only the trees, but he knew all the creatures that lived in them and about them. Ten years ago his passion for the study of forests took him to Russia, Siberia, India, the Philippines, Australia, and New Zealand, and later he saw the great forests of Brazil. An extensive trip in South America was followed by an expedition to South Africa, where he visited the Victoria Falls, and saw the great baobab tree, one of the giants of the forest.

He declined all invitation to go indoors; and to the end of his life spent a great deal of time in camps and shacks out of doors, a past-master of the art and knowledge of the camper. Harvard and other universities gave him honorary degrees; he was invited to teach in college class-rooms; he wrote for magazines and journals, and he published a few books; but he was always the adventurer at large; one of the most striking figures of our time; a typical American in his simplicity, courage, love of nature, and insatiable curiosity to understand the world in which he lived.

THE CHALLENGE OF TROUBLE

If anxieties and troubles were the accidents of life and had no more significance than the falling of a leaf or the dropping of an acorn, they would have no permanent effect on us; they would pass and vanish like the clouds. But they not only work lasting changes in us; we choose the nature of those changes. It has been said that the happenings of life are of small consequence, but the way in which we meet the happenings is of supreme importance. If life were the product of a blind force, external conditions would determine our success or failure, our happiness or unhappiness; as a matter of fact, they barely touch our real fortunes; they affect our comfort, ease, pleasures; they have little to do with character, moral power, the consciousness of having a soul behind our intelligence and a heart behind our work.

Conditions master weak natures only; they challenge strength, endurance, courage, and pay tribute to the steady purpose, the resolute will. It is easy to sail with the wind; one must have knowledge, skill, judgment, to sail against the wind.

If troubles and anxieties were not the ministers of a higher purpose in the world, they would crush us or leave us as they find us; they would beat us to the ground or pass over as the birds pass and leave no trace of their flight. We do not stand helpless before them; they offer us weakness or strength and we choose which we shall take. We shrink instinctively from troubles, as we shrink from hard and painful tasks; we cannot escape the suffering they bring; but we decide whether they shall weaken or strengthen us. It lies with us to receive them as enemies or as friends. They offer us fortitude, patience, courage, strength, growth, or cowardice, bitterness, despair; we cannot prevent their coming to us, but we can decide whether they shall help or hinder us.

Trouble and anxiety are cruel masters but wonderful teachers; they prepare us to understand the deepest mysteries, they make us strong for the greatest tasks, they open the way to incalculable treasures of sympathy and love. In a world which is fashioned to aid, enrich, and strengthen our spirits nothing comes to us devoid of meaning; everything that meets us challenges us and compels us to choose to become stronger or weaker.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

40816

A LETTER TO A GERMAN-AMERICAN FRIEND

My dear D——:

In pursuance of my promise to you the other day, I shall in this letter endeavor to tell you without rancor or heat why I think the present attitude of the governing class of Germany is diametrically opposed to the right principles of human freedom and progress, and why I hope, for the sake of civilization—and not least for the sake of German civilization—that Germany will be decisively beaten in the present conflict.

I take this position with grateful recognition of what the whole world owes to the Germanic people in the science of government, in bravery, in efficiency, in industrial development, in education, and in art, music, and poetry; with full recognition of the splendid economic and industrial achievements of modern Germany in the face of artificial and natural obstacles that would have hopelessly discouraged a less courageous, persistent, and gifted people; with regretful recognition of the fact that the Imperial history of Great Britain in its earlier stages was blotted with deeds of force and selfish injustice, often masquerading under the pretense of a desire to act as the vicegerent of a benevolent Providence.

Your ancestors were German, mine were English, and we are both heart-whole and enthusiastic Americans. Were this 1814 instead of 1914, I hope we should be standing shoulder to shoulder under Blücher and Wellington, fighting against the militaristic pretensions of Napoleon, who wanted to impose his ideas of civilization, many of them fine, upon the whole of Europe.

Let me begin with two definitions which seem to me axiomatic: First, I do not assert that all wars are barbarous, but that war is necessary only because of the survival of barbarism.

I applaud the American Revolution, although it was war, because it was courageous resistance against the barbaric attempt of George III to deprive his colonists of certain inalienable rights; I condemn the Mexican War of 1846 because it was made for the purpose of acquiring the territory of Texas from Mexico by force; we should have obtained it, as we obtained Louisiana from France or Alaska from Russia, by purchase, or we should not have obtained it at all.

Second, I do not assert that crime cannot be suppressed by force, but I do assert that virtue cannot be promoted by force.

This axiom is completely expressed by the homely proverb, "You can lead a horse to water, but you cannot make him drink." I can prevent my boy from lying to me by whipping him, but I can make him truthful only by persuading him voluntarily to love truth.

Bearing in mind these two axiomatic statements—that war is a necessary survival of barbarism, and that virtue cannot be imposed on an individual, a nation, or an epoch by force—let us consider in outline the course of the German Empire since it was created by the present Kaiser's grandfather with the aid of his masterful Minister, Bismarck.

Price Collier, in his penetrating, critical, but not unsympathetic book "Germany and the Germans," shows us as well as any modern writer how what we now call the German Empire was for a long period during the Middle Ages, and even in modern times, a mere congeries of conflicting or quarreling states, which nevertheless produced great historical personalities, such as Goethe in the field of literature, Kant in the field of philosophy, Luther in the field of religion, and in the field of music the greatest trio of their age, Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms. Under the noble-minded William I and the great Bismarck this congeries was welded into a splendid whole—the modern German Empire.

Since June, 1871, when William I was proclaimed German Emperor at Versailles, the German nation has made astounding strides in the arts of peace as well as in the science of politics. It has developed an industrial system which excites the admiration and sometimes the envy of the civilized world. It has sent its sturdy citizens to carry on the world's work with characteristic German efficiency to the uttermost parts of the earth. It has contributed to the United States many thousands of its sons and daughters, who are among the very best of our loyal American citizens.

It has not only carried industrial efficiency to a higher degree than probably any other modern people, but it has been a leader in the movement for social justice. Modern Germany has shown the rest of the world the practicality of old age pensions, workingmen's insurance, rural banking, and model housing

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for wage-workers. With only two harbors, and those artificially made on muddy rivers debouching into the North Sea, it has created a deep-sea merchant marine second only to that of Great Britain, and far superior to that of the United States, which possesses a coast line and natural harbors immeasurably finer than those of any European Power.

In showing what can be done by efficient social co-operation, the achievements of modern Germany should put the American people, with their great resources and their recognized individual talents, to shame. The modern German universities, especially in the field of research, have given thousands of American scientists and educators their training. Our debt to German education is large and unquestioned.

I do not wonder that the German nation, with these accomplishments to its credit, should "feel its oats," to use a Yankee colloquialism, and should believe that in the process of evolution it is *its* turn to dominate not merely Europe, but the world, as English-speaking civilization and institutions have dominated it during the last two or three centuries. I do not wonder that Germany feels that if she had a better access to the Atlantic Ocean, to the Mediterranean, and to the Far East she could accomplish for the progress of the human race in the future even more glorious achievements than Great Britain has performed in the past. I do not wonder that when you stand in Nuremberg or Hildesheim you feel as I do when I stand in the cathedral close of Salisbury, the town from which my English ancestors came to New Hampshire in 1640. I understand the psychology of a modern German's ambitions; for every man of character has such ambitions for himself, for his family, for his country.

But here I part company with the political, philosophical, and military leaders of modern Germany. It is not merely by a man's ambition that he is to be judged, but by the methods he adopts for putting those ambitions into effect. I admit that one of the early, but now fortunately crumbled and buried, foundation stones of the British Empire was buccaneering. But in the evolutionary progress of the human race buccaneering has now gone out of date. The aggrandizing principles of Sir Francis Drake are to-day as archaic as the aggrandizing principles of Napoleon. They can no more be tolerated by the modern world, with its improved standards of human responsibility, than the principles of the American railway kings of the last quarter of the nineteenth century can be tolerated in American railway administration to-day. The English buccaneers and the American railway plutocrats have passed together into the lumber-room of history, never, if you and I can have anything to say about it, to return.

If Germany can dominate the world by her learning, her industrial efficiency, and her contributions to the peaceful art of civilization, I, for one, say God speed her. But when, reverting to the buccaneering period of history, she endeavors to impose her learning, her social efficiency, and her philosophy of life upon the rest of the world, as the Spanish Inquisition or as the New England theocrats attempted to impose virtue upon the rest of their world, I hope I have enough love of liberty to oppose her, as Carl Schurz opposed her in 1848.

This imposition by force of what she considers to be political and social virtue is exactly, it seems to me, the fundamental purpose of Germany in the present European war. I do not mean that the German people are conscious of this purpose; but that the German leaders are conscious of it I think there is no question. One of the pathetic things about the war is that the mass of the German people have been convinced by their military leaders that they are fighting to defend their hearths and homes. They had to be convinced that they were on the defensive in order that they might be persuaded to make war at all, for the mass of the German people are lovers of peace. But the leaders of modern Germany wish to dominate Europe—the militarists for power's sake, the industrialists for the sake of commerce, and the intellectuals for the sake of imposing German ideals upon the world. I shall give below my reasons for this assertion, but allow me first to say a word about the Kaiser.

I am not one of those who hold the Kaiser directly responsible for the present conflict. I think, however, that he is indirectly responsible because he has built and perfected a great German military machine which is holding all Europe at bay at the present moment with a skill and power that is at once the admiration and the despair of the rest of the world. The Kaiser himself is, or perhaps it would be more exact to say believes himself to be, a champion of peace. By heredity and by practice he is a sincere

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

admirer of the art of war, but I think he is also a genuine lover of the arts of peace. He is a profound believer in a great and glorious destiny for the German people, and yet I think he sincerely desired that this destiny should be fulfilled by a peaceful and political energy rather than by warfare. The appeal to war has, I believe, always been regarded by him as the last resort, although he has looked upon it as a very noble and heroic resort.

A little over four years ago I had the good fortune to come in contact with him somewhat intimately under exceptional circumstances in Berlin. I saw him in his family circle; I sat at his table; I observed him near at hand at a great university function; I talked in informal intercourse with some of the most influential of his civil and military officers. I expected to see a man from whose mailed fist, iron will, and severe presence I should shrink. On the contrary, his open and friendly countenance, his kindly personality, and his lively interest in the human side of things greatly attracted me.

But in the military system of modern Germany, which he more than any other one man has developed, he has, like Frankenstein, built a gigantic being which got beyond him and which he could not control. Without wishing to be irreverent, I venture to say that last July he passed through his Garden of Gethsemane. The *Kriegspartei* which he created came to him and said, perhaps even in so many words, You must lead us, and with us a victorious Germany, or we shall override you. He yielded because he wished to be still, as he has been in the past, the plumed knight of Germany. But I feel sure that he did not yield without some moments of bitter anguish. Here, I think, he made his great mistake—a mistake which history is likely to record as the greatest ever made by a ruling monarch possessing such a moral power over his loyal people as the Kaiser undoubtedly possesses. I still think that in those last days of July he could have said: Germany, Russia, France, England, Austria, and Italy will confer over the Servian question. He could have appealed from the *Kriegspartei* to his people, and the appeal would have been sustained. But he appealed to the arbitrament of war. If he had accepted the suggestion of a *pourparler* made by Sir Edward Grey, and if Russia had refused, had proceeded with her mobilization, had invaded East Prussia, and thus had really and actually struck the first blow, I believe that the sympathies and support of the English-speaking world would have been with him and not against him, and that in the eventual combat his military position, to say nothing of his moral position, would have to-day been very nearly impregnable.

However, it is not what might have been but what is that I am discussing, and so I turn at last to the evidence that explains to me why almost the entire civilized world is arrayed in sympathy or action against the German nation to-day. It is not because of the alleged atrocities of the German soldiers. I know too well the accusations of atrocities made by the South against the North and the North against the South in our own Civil War to attach much importance to such accusations until they have been thoroughly sifted and weighed. It is not because of the invasion of Belgium, serious as that is. It is not because of the irreparable destruction of Louvain and the injury to the Cathedral of Rheims. These things fall into the category of symptoms of a much deeper, more fundamental, and more terrible error on the part of the ruling powers of Germany. It is the error of believing, as I said at the outset, that war is a glorious thing *per se*, and that one civilization can be imposed upon another civilization by the force of arms.

"War," says the historian Treitschke, "is politics *par excellence*. . . . Among all political sins the sin of feebleness is the most contemptible. It is the political sin against the Holy Ghost."

"Perpetual peace," said Moltke, "is a dream, and not even a beautiful dream. But war is a link in the divine system of the universe."

"To us," says Professor Eucken, "more than to any other nation, is intrusted the true structure of human existence."

"We Hohenzollerns," said the Kaiser, "take our crown from God alone, and to God alone are we responsible in the fulfillment of duty."

"Our sovereigns," said Prince Bismarck, "have been of the absolute kind, but their absolutism aimed at benefiting the state and not themselves. From time to time they have even hanged members of the nobility so as to show that no one in Prussia may escape the law. . . . This doctrine the Hohenzollerns have never forgotten. They have all been brought up in this spirit, which has become part of their very being."

"In the German view," says Professor

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Münsterberg, "the state is not for the individuals, but the individuals for the state. . . . The Germans could not substitute a republic for the monarchy without throwing away their whole system of ideas about the meaning of life and the state and the world. They have not chosen their attitude toward man and God by votes in committees; it has grown with them in two thousand years of history. . . . Germany's future depends upon its loyalty to the idealism of its great past."

The foregoing brief quotations are indicative of a point of view entertained by German military and intellectual leaders which is summed up in a very remarkable interview with Professor Ostwald, a recent Nobel prize winner in the field of chemistry and a German scientist of distinction. The interview appeared in the "Journal de Genève" of November 29. Professor Ostwald, in the previous issue of the "Journal," had outlined his view of the terms of peace which Germany would exact from the defeated Allies —namely, a confederation of Continental Europe against England and Russia under the presidency of the German Emperor. From the interview to which I refer I translate the following passage:

"We do not hate the French. I believe, laying aside for the moment the particular acts which brought on the war, that its most profound cause lies in the fear entertained by our enemies of the power, unprecedented in history, with which Germany has put into practice her great ideal of social efficiency—an ideal which Germany by this very war proposes to realize in the future more completely than ever before. They talk of German militarism; it is possible, I admit, that the hostility which Germany is finding to-day in all parts of the world was created by the development of German militarism; but it is just that militarism which constitutes one of the most significant expressions of the German power of organization or social efficiency. Germany, thanks to her genius for organization or social efficiency, has attained a stage of civilization far higher than that of all other peoples. This war will in the future compel these other peoples to participate, under the form of German social efficiency, in a civilization higher than their own. Among our enemies the Russians, in brief, are still in the period of the undisciplined tribe, while the French and the English have only attained the degree of cultural development which we ourselves left behind fifty years ago. Their stage of culture is that of individualism; but above that stage lies the stage of organization or social efficiency, and it is this stage which Germany has reached to-day.

Do you ask me what it is that Germany wants? Well, Germany wants to organize Europe, for up to now Europe has never been organized. Germany wishes to adopt a new course for realizing her idea of co-operative energy or social efficiency. How does Germany propose to realize this project of social efficiency in the west of Europe? She demands that the Germans and the French shall have an equal welcome in their respective countries, and that they shall be permitted to work and to acquire wealth on exactly the same terms in either country. . . . In eastern Europe Germany will create a confederation of states, a sort of Baltic confederation, which will include the Scandinavian countries, Finland, and the Baltic provinces. Finally, she will tear Poland from Russia, and will make of it a new independent state. The moment has come, I believe, for remodeling the map of Europe. . . . We, or perhaps rather the Germanic race, have discovered the factor of social efficiency. The other peoples of the world live yet under the régime of individualism; we Germans under the régime of organized co-operation. With us everything tends to draw from the individual a maximum of that service which is most useful to society. In this idea we Germans find liberty in its highest form.

If it is the purpose of the leaders of Germany in this war, as I am bound to believe it is from the testimony of their own words, to impose their ideals of political and social virtue upon Continental Europe, and if they are successful in achieving that purpose, then the United States and the three great republics of South America will be the only great nations left to cherish and protect the ideals of intellectual freedom and individual liberty for which our fathers struggled in the American Revolution with the aid of such Germans as Steuben, and in our Civil War with the aid of such Germans as Carl Schurz and Franz Sigel. You remember the noble fight which Cavour made for democratic institutions in Italy against the despotism of Metternich; you remember his death-bed words, "*Chiesa libera in stato libero*," which may be paraphrased, Freedom of conscience in a free country. Social efficiency based on force cannot exist in a country whose citizens believe in freedom of conscience and political action.

I am aware that in this war some Frenchmen are actuated by a spirit of revenge, that some Englishmen are actuated by a spirit of jealousy, that some Russians are actuated by a spirit of aggrandizement. But, on the whole, I believe the Allies are fighting the battle for the liberty and the free development of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

little state and of the unimportant individual. They are therefore fighting my battle. I believe it may be said in a very real sense that a victory of the German militarists will destroy the German people, and that a victory of the Allies will save them. I am not at all sure that it is not the moral duty of the United States, which stands for the principles of Cavour, Mazzini, and Garibaldi, of Grotius, Carl Schurz, and Gottfried Kinkel, of John Hampden, George Washington, and Abraham Lincoln, to take some public and outspoken position against the purpose of the German militarists to remake the map of Europe on the lines so graphically laid down by Professor Ostwald. For who knows but that such a map made in such a way would mean the remaking of the great chart of human civilization? And in that chart the people of this country have a very profound and living interest. Yours sincerely,

L. F. A.

THE RAILWAYS AND THE RATES

A POLL OF THE PRESS

THE business of carrying passengers and goods from place to place is second in importance only to the business of growing crops. The sums invested in transportation are so vast that, as the Philadelphia "Ledger" reminds us, their status sympathetically affects all money markets and almost all of the great productive industries. "Unless the railways are prosperous," asserts the Philadelphia paper, "the country cannot be prosperous. . . . Even bumper crops cannot overcome the depression that results from leanness in the railway world, and this has been abundantly proved in the last few years."

During recent years the cost of living in every direction has greatly advanced. The cost of labor has also risen, and, as the Buffalo "News" points out, the price of supplies to our railways has shared the upward move to a marked degree. Yet "the roads themselves have received a lower rate of income on the average than when the increase in price started in everything else." The "News" adds:

> It was a question of being allowed to charge something in proportion to the cost of running a road or of lessened power to serve the community, and that meant, of course, immense loss to the business world, for transportation is certainly the life of trade.

It is on this ground that the railways petitioned the Inter-State Commerce Commission to grant them permission to make a five per cent increase in freight rates.

According to the newspapers, the favorable decision of the Commission has given well-nigh universal satisfaction. Even papers like the Wisconsin "State Journal," which bitterly opposed it, now accept it. But there are still exceptions, as, for instance, the Milwaukee "Leader," a Socialist paper. There is no question, it asserts, but that "under honest and efficient management the railways of the United States could have reduced their rates without impairing their ability to pay reasonable dividends. But under the rates which have governed they could not repair the ravages of 'private enterprise.'" The "Leader" continues:

> It has been shown by Brandeis and the statisticians employed to oppose an increase in rates that if waste and financial jugglery could be eliminated from the management of the railways the freight-rate problem would solve itself.
>
> The idea upon which regulation is based is that capitalists should supply money for public utilities and give to the public the benefit of a maximum service at a minimum profit. The capitalists are to supply the money and the public through its commissions is to direct the management and protect the public and the "innocent investor." . . .
>
> The financiers held the whip hand. What Morgan and Rockefeller in effect said to the Commission was something like this:
>
> "Well and good. You have denied to the railways higher freight rates. The railways need new equipment, but they cannot buy it unless their revenues shall be increased and their credit strengthened. Their rails may rust, their cars fall into decay, their locomotives go to the scrap heap. You can keep the steel mills closed. You have the authority to bring industrial depression and ruin upon the land, but you have no power, save the power to grant higher freight rates, by which the finances of the railways may be rehabilitated and their equipment restored, and the mills and factories that are now idle opened to fill their orders. We shall wait. Upon your shoulders—and upon the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

shoulders of the Administration—rests the responsibility." . . .

The only alternative is public ownership, and public ownership is "dangerous" and "Socialistic." It pays no dividends and gives no opportunity to private enterprise or individual initiative. There have been no New Haven experiences in the Post-Office Department. Its thieves are little thieves, and they are soon caught and sent to the penitentiary.

As a glowing example of what has taken place under private ownership, and of what would not have taken place under Government ownership, the New York "American" thus points to the case of the Rock Island system:

With the sale of a controlling interest in the stock of the Rock Island road Tuesday for $10 a share, or $7,135,000 for the lot, a most instructive chapter in the stock-jobbing management of an American railroad is closed.

Control of the Rock Island cost the freebooters who raided it $37,501,000 approximately, or a little more than one-half its capital stock of $75,000,000. Having got the road, their problem was how to get their money back and still keep control of the road—for the ancient paradox of eating your cake and keeping it, too, is no paradox at all to the skillful looter of corporations. . . . In the end they had more than $5,625,000 cash profit, *and the road besides*. . . .

Now the inevitable has happened. The water has been squeezed out of the Rock Island securities. The victimized public has accepted its losses, or, in many cases, died of them, and the freebooters revel in their ill-gotten wealth. The road is there. . . . Had it been owned by the Government the financial orgy through which it passed could never have occurred. No one could have seen profit in over-capitalizing it, and the huge sums that the public poured into the looters' pockets would have been saved by the investors or used to develop and extend the road.

The Rock Island episode—a true tragedy to thousands of investors—will be impossible of repetition when the Government shall own the railroads.

The Cedar Rapids (Iowa) "Gazette" approaches Government ownership from a different angle, affirming that when the Federal and State governments entered upon the plan to regulate freight and passenger rates charged by railways, with the intention of reducing revenues to the level of legitimate income, a policy was inaugurated that logically will lead to public ownership. The Iowa paper continues:

Neither Federal nor State government has authority so to reduce net income, either by decreased charges or increased service, as to render a property unproductive and put in force a condition of confiscation. Confiscation by results has the same legal meaning as confiscation by legislative act or executive proclamation.

When the various American governments undertook the task of protecting the patrons, they necessarily assumed the burden of protecting the properties. In any case in which rates established by Congress, general assemblies, or commissions were found to be too low it becomes a public duty to grant such increase as will allow a reasonable margin of profit. The governments are thus placed in the awkward position of adjusting lines of business privately owned and privately managed. The governments have nothing to do with the salaries allowed officials of the roads or with the manner in which road-beds, rolling stock, and other visible properties are handled. A road may, through negligence or inefficient management, allow tracks, engines, and cars to fall into such a state of disrepair that the direct and incidental costs of operation are largely increased. Under private management the public cannot enforce a policy of economy and conservation, but the patrons must, by their payment of rates, make good the blunders and shortcomings of managers. The public is, in short, compelled to insure the integrity and judgment of railway managers.

There is such a lack of logic in the arrangement that a remedy must necessarily be applied. . . . The experiment of Government ownership in Alaska will be watched with great interest.

The La Crosse (Wisconsin) "Tribune" thus quotes from the joke column in the Milwaukee "Free Press," wherein is found the answer to a puzzle which, declares the Wisconsin paper, the average citizen has been attempting to solve:

Question. Prosperity is due because the railroads are going to have a five per cent increase of freight rates?

Answer. So they say.

Question. Then you can ship cattle into the city at a five per cent increase of rates?

Answer. I think so.

Question. And you can ship the dressed meat back into the country at a five per cent increase of freight rates?

Answer. Yes, indeedy.

Question. Then the consumer will pay the ten per cent on the meat he eats?

Answer. You bet 'che.

Question. Who prospers?

Answer. The railroads.

Everybody. Sure!

A Southern paper, the Savannah "News," thus explains the situation:

In previous applications for an increase shippers generally opposed an increase. In the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hearing preceding the Commission's present decision very many shippers joined the roads in asking an increase. They saw the necessity for it and generously consented to it. If the railroads were to break down financially, there would undoubtedly be both financial and business troubles. And added to them would be labor troubles, since there would have to be retrenchment in expenses, and that would mean the discharge of very many railroad employees.

Turning to the West again, we find the Sioux Falls (South Dakota) "Press" inquiring why the railway industry should be entitled to special Governmental aid when numerous other industries—cotton in the South, for instance—had been adversely affected by the war and were suffering even more disastrous depression. In the South Dakota paper's words, if the railways "are to be accorded the right to look for relief to the people who pay the freight, . . . have not the other industries that have felt depression the same right?" The "Press" thus explains:

This is a view-point that is essentially American, and it would have to prevail but for the very real fact that transportation and the industrial interests of the United States are so closely related that the condition of one is bound to affect the other. . . . The very fullest acceptance of this principle is the sole warrant for any action that would single any one industry for such benefits. The Inter-State Commerce Commission has so accepted it.

The Boston "Journal" notes that the rate increase, "belatedly and partially granted," will help to restore the railway corporations to a firmer basis. "No unprejudiced observer denies that it was honestly needed," it asserts, and adds: "The fact that certain railway properties were mismanaged for a series of years in the interest of high finance does not affect the main question in the slightest degree."

The railways will now have at least some money to spend for improvements and equipments; hence, the Washington "Herald" predicts, the decision is likely to have a moderately stimulating effect on business. The "Herald," however, adds:

Expenditure of all the additional revenues that can be spared for these purposes for several years to come will still see the roads far behind where they should and would have been had they been permitted continuously to earn a fair return upon their investment. There will be no pronounced industrial and commercial boom as a result of the decision. The carriers have merely been granted a lease of life, and business will feel a greater sense of security.

Moreover, the Washington paper points out another condition:

In the demand for separate accounts and reports on the effect of the increases there is the plain suggestion that the concession may be withdrawn if conditions after the war should appear to the Commission to justify such action. But that is a somewhat remote contingency with which only the pessimists need to concern themselves.

A more immediate result is thus indicated by the Milwaukee "Sentinel:"

The decision, we predict, will prove practically and psychologically the best thing that has happened for general business for many a long day.

Some fun is being poked at President Wilson's dictum that business depression was "mainly psychological," but it expressed an essential truth, nevertheless. . . .

Business has now had a piece of mighty good news, and we expect that its spirits will proceed to brighten up like the proverbial old hat in the rain.

The decision, however, was not unanimous. One member of the Commission declared the permission to increase rates to be immoral. In the opinion of the Buffalo "News," "it is difficult to understand what kind of mind a commissioner has who thinks it immoral to allow a public service corporation to make a living." The Philadelphia "Ledger" also finds it difficult "to follow Commissioner Clements's argument that the need of the roads for money is no reason whatever why they should get it." Concerning this the Topeka (Kansas) "Capital" remarks:

Two members of the Commission, including Chairman Harlan, strongly dissent from the decision, and there may be some force to the contention that the final concession to these roads is due to pressure and not to the merits of the case. . . . Of course, if the Commission can be influenced by any kind of illegitimate pressure, its hold on public confidence will soon be utterly destroyed. But this is a consideration that weighs nothing with the sort of interests that have attempted to forestall evidence and force a decision by outside pressure.

In the opinion of many papers, the main thing to be noted is not so much the increase in rates as the evidence of a change in the Inter-State Commerce Commission's general attitude. The Indianapolis "Star," for instance, declares:

The decision of the Commission is evidence of a new attitude toward the railway companies and of the beginning of an era of more liberal treatment. The public is awakening to the fact

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that the roads, as a whole, have not been getting enough to keep pace with the service and development expected from them. . . . If Government is to be efficient and railway service adequate, the payments must be in proportion to the requirements. It is false economy to cripple any public service by skimping to the point of parsimony.

The long and apparently dilatory consideration given to the appeal of the railways suggests prompter methods in Governmental railway regulation, and the Rochester "Post-Express" suggests a Nationalization of the railways and Federal charters for them as a first step in that direction.

THE STORY OF THE WAR

BY GREGORY MASON AND GEORGE KENNAN

I—A REVIEW OF EVENTS

BY GREGORY MASON

FIVE months of it! The New Year has found the nations of Europe, after five months of seesaw fighting, still locked in the death struggle which some optimists had predicted would last hardly more than five weeks. And what determinative advantage has been gained by either side which would justify the prediction that the war will not last an equal number of years?

Considering the war as a huge prize-fight, if I may be permitted a somewhat unpleasant analogy, and judging it round by round, the Allies have scored the more points. The first round—the month August 4 to September 4—went easily to the Germans. As it closed they were thundering down upon Paris, driving the French and English before them with despatch and apparently with comparative ease, while superficial observers were saying, "It is 1870 all over again." By October 4, however, the German forces had been pushed back upon the defensive until the nearest of them was seventy miles from the French capital, and, in the east, Russia had mobilized and was sweeping west from the Baltic to the Carpathians in a rush so powerful that Germany was obliged to take troops out of France to safeguard her eastern frontier.

The third, fourth, and fifth rounds of the conflict—the months of October, November, and December, roughly speaking—saw no great material advantage gained by either side and could be considered as having been "drawn" but for the fact that the German strategists from von Bernhardi down have declared time and again that to win they must crush France before Russia should reach her full power. This they have not done, and therefore, although the German mailed fist to-day rests upon most of Belgium and northern France as well as part of Russian Poland, under the conditions set by the Germans themselves the decision on the fighting thus far properly goes against them.

The Allies are not yet in a position to exult, however. Any day the unforeseen may give the Germans an opportunity to score in the east almost as decisive a victory as they bade fair to get when they rolled down on the Marne in September. On the western battle front the deadlock continues, but on the eastern line, where the opposing generals are jockeying for position with an agility almost worthy of Napoleon, any day may bring forth almost an Austerlitz or a Waterloo. The opposing forces in Belgium and France are straining and grappling like two well-matched wrestlers searching out each other's weakness, which neither has yet been able to find. In the east, on the other hand, the Russian and German armies, like two agile swordsmen, are lunging, parrying and feinting, advancing, retreating, and side-stepping. The Russians have already shown themselves easily superior to the Austrians, and apparently they have to fear only Field Marshal von Hindenburg. Every day that passes without an overwhelming triumph for von Hindenburg counts for the Allies, for in the meantime Kitchener's vast army is preparing to take the field in numbers which will give the Allies a tremendous preponderance in the western arena.

ENDURANCE WILL TELL

The problem now seems to be one of endurance, and there is good reason to believe that of this Germany has less than her oppo-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nents. For one thing, it is the opinion of many military experts that Germany's supply of ammunition cannot last long at the present rate of consumption, and it is said that she is short of the material for making more, being in need of copper and saltpeter in particular. Furthermore, Russia's conquest of Galicia cuts off Germany's access to her petroleum supply. But so far as the necessities of life are concerned it will be a long time yet before Berlin will have to eat horse-flesh. Mr. Julius G. Lay, American Consul-General at Berlin, writing for the weekly bulletin published by the American Association of Commerce and Trade in Berlin, reports that "the meat supply of Germany is regarded to be, as a whole, sufficient for its needs during the war, and the crops of grain and fruits are in general reported to be good."

Germany will take a lot of hammering yet, if the spirit of her people is as determined as the Berlin despatches would lead us to believe. In the Christmas number of the Berlin "Lokalanzeiger" is a symposium of opinion from Germany's leaders in response to the question:

"With what thoughts and wishes should the people and the army celebrate Christmas?"

To this the reply of the Crown Prince was, "Keep cool and stick to it:" of Admiral von Tirpitz, "Onward;" and of General von Heeringen, "May trust in God and the justice of our cause, unity, self-sacrifice, and the strong belief in our ultimate victory over all the enemies of the Fatherland be, as hitherto, the sentiments wherewith the German people and its army approach the celebration of Christmas, 1914."

THE EFFECT OF WINTER

In attempting to forecast the progress of the war for the next few months we must not forget that winter is now in full blast on all the battlefields of Europe. During the Crimean War the Czar, Nicholas I, declared that he expected much assistance from his allies—"General January and General February." Russia cannot count upon the exclusive services of these agents in the present war, however. Indeed, in Poland winter will greatly help the Germans in that it will provide firm ground over which to move the huge howitzers of the type that pulverized the forts of Liège and Namur. It is not easy to dig trenches in frozen earth, and infantry regiments leaving shelter for a charge may find it difficult to "dig themselves into" new positions before being decimated by the enemy's fire. This consideration may discourage activity upon the part of the armies in western Europe, but in Russian Poland, Galicia, and East Prussia the contending forces will probably extend their operations during the winter months, for in these regions the slush and mud of spring and fall are greater hindrances to military movements than the snow and ice of winter. In Manchuria during the Russo-Japanese War fighting went on during the winter, but was suspended during the rainy season. Life in the trenches will not become any pleasanter during the cold weather, and it is not unlikely that some of the contending armies will lose more men from disease than from bullets during the next few weeks. Judging by their record in the past, it would not be surprising if the Russians suffered more from epidemics than the Germans.

ADVANCING BY YARDS

During the week December 23 to 30, on the western battle front the Allies gained some minor successes, but their advances were nearly always only by yards. It is reported that the Allies by sapping operations and infantry charges took a few trenches in the region between the river Lys and the North Sea, and a few more near the town of St. Die; at several points on the battle line, and particularly around Arras and Verdun, heavy fogs have made all aggressive operations difficult. The French War Office reports the capture of the village of St. Georges in Belgium, but to offset this the Germans claim gains near Ypres, Nieuport, and the burned forest of Apremont.

The eastern campaign is becoming more and more interesting, and is likely to provide the first "decisive battle" of the war. The Russians celebrated Christmas Day by getting between two Austrian armies at Tuchow, southeast of Tarnow, and defeating both. The advance of von Hindenburg on Warsaw from Thorn has been halted, but the German Field Marshal made sufficient progress to pry the Russians away from Cracow, which they were investing. It was this same force that withdrew from Cracow which defeated the Austrians at Tuchow, so the Russians should be satisfied with the result of their enforced retreat in Galicia. It now appears that the Russian tide, which has been receding before the Germans during the past seven or eight weeks in Poland and Galicia, is be-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ginning to turn again. Petrograd claims that all the important Carpathian passes are now held by the Czar's soldiers, and reports that from December 18 to 26 the Russians captured 22,200 Austrians. The weakness of the Austrians, which is admitted by Berlin, will undoubtedly give von Hindenburg more trouble, for the Russians may now be expected to surge back toward Cracow.

AERIAL COMBATS

More spectacular than either the labored wrestling in Belgium and France or the rapid maneuvering in Galicia were the several battles in the air which the week brought forth. On December 24 a German aeroplane soared over Dover, England, dropped a bomb which exploded harmlessly in a garden, and made off, pursued by British airmen who lost the German in the fog. Two days later another hostile aeroplane was seen over Southend-on-Sea and Sheerness, at the mouth of the Thames, and, according to the British War Office, was attacked by several English aeroplanes and hit several times by bullets from the latter. As the result of these two raids, both directed too near London to be comfortable, extra precautions have been taken at night to dim the lights of the British capital.

Another German air attack was made by a Zeppelin, which dropped fourteen bombs into Nancy, killing two persons and injuring two. In return, French airmen dropped explosives into German aviation hangars at Metz. But it remained for the English to provide the most serious and at the same time the most sensational sky battle of the war thus far. On Christmas Day seven British naval seaplanes, assisted by light cruisers, destroyers, and submarines, attacked the important German naval base at Cuxhaven, at the mouth of the Elbe. Then ensued a battle the like of which has never been described before, unless it be in the pages of H. G. Wells or Jules Verne. Cuxhaven, besides being a naval base for Germany, is the chief base of the German air fleet, and as soon as the English attacking force was sighted Greek went forth to meet Greek.

Zeppelins and German seaplanes tried to drop bombs upon the British ships, while German submarines endeavored to torpedo them. In the meantime the English aviators were hurling bombs at "points of military significance" ashore. The English and Germans are not agreed as to the extent of the resultant damage. The Germans declare that their aviators hit three of the English ships, but this the English deny, admitting that one of their seaplanes was found in a wrecked condition near Heligoland after the engagement.

The extent of the havoc wrought in this most modern engagement, however, is comparatively unimportant. The significance of the Cuxhaven raid is twofold: first, it has served to create the same sort of alarm in Germany that the recent attack by German cruisers on the east Anglian coast aroused in the hearts of Englishmen; and, second, it provided a good test of the fighting ability of Zeppelins. The performance of the two Zeppelins in the engagement was a dismal disappointment to the Germans. They not only failed to strike any of the British vessels with their explosive missiles, but they were soon forced to flee before the murderous fire that the British cruisers Arethusa and Undaunted raised against them.

DIRIGIBLES VS. AEROPLANES

From the first days of the war we have heard rumors of impending raids by German dirigibles. Yet, with the exception of the attacks on Antwerp and Ostend and on a few smaller towns, almost nothing has been heard from the big power-driven gas-bags of Germany. Rumor persists that the Teutons are busily building powerful, up-to-date Zeppelins, but it is only rumor. It is hard to believe, however, that with all this smoke there is no fire, and that Germany will not sooner or later risk one wholesale assault with her special weapon—the Zeppelin—on London, Paris, or some other tempting mark in hostile territory. It is not at all improbable that the German aeroplanes which frightened citizens in Dover and Sheerness recently were scouting for information upon which to base an attack later by a fleet of aeroplanes or Zeppelins.

This war has proved that aircraft cannot be reasonably safe from gunfire from the ground at elevations below five thousand feet, and from that height the chances of an air-ship's hitting its mark on the earth are very slight. However, if fifty or more aeroplanes—or, better still, dirigibles, which have greater stability and carrying power than the planes—should cut loose some dark night over London, even at a height of six thousand or seven thousand feet, the chances of some of the bombs reaching their mark would be considerable. And the psycholog-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ical value of such a bombardment might be tremendous, aside from the considerable physical damage that a large air fleet might accomplish.

Air-ships of all kinds have yet to prove their value for offensive purposes in warfare, but of their value in reconnaissance there is no longer any doubt. In this the aeroplane is far more useful than the dirigible, for the latter is unwieldy and is easily destroyed by aeroplanes or by gun-fire from the ground. The aeroplane has revolutionized modern warfare by making surprise attacks by land and even by sea practically impossible. The aeroplane gives the commanding general eyes with which he can see far beyond his ordinary range of vision. It not only tells him where the enemy is, but it enables him to keep informed of the alignment of his own troops, the position of his flanks and center, his outposts, and his cavalry. As a range-finder for artillery the aeroplane has become invaluable, and it has also greatly increased the accuracy of infantry fire.

Because aviation has its greatest use in reconnaissance and signaling and in the collection of general information it has been properly included, in the United States army, in the Signal Corps. This is not the case with most of the armies afield in Europe, but they are coming to realize the importance of having all the apparatus of communication centered under one supervision, and at least one of the larger warring nations will make this change in the near future.

It may interest Americans to be reminded that their army was the first to see the possibilities of the aeroplane for scouting purposes. The first aeroplane to make a public flight anywhere was driven through the air at Fort Myer, Virginia, by Orville Wright in 1908, at the request of the Signal Corps of our army, which later bought the machine for $25,000.

CHRISTMAS IN THE TRENCHES

Although there was no peace or talk of peace in the trenches of Europe on Christmas Day even for an hour, there was plenty of evidence of good will to men. There were several reports that soldiers of opposing armies whose trenches had been thrust out near each other exchanged first shouted greetings, then presents hurled through the air, and in one or two cases even crawled over to smoke and chat with the enemy's outposts. These reports may have been the fabrications of sentimental correspondents, but their truth is by no means unlikely. During the siege of Torreon, Mexico, last spring, on several occasions the men of Villa and Carranza slipped through the dark to fraternize with friends guarding the outposts of Huerta, and in our own Civil War such amenities were sometimes exchanged between "Rebs" and "Yanks." After all, what is a war between friends? If you must shoot your friend merely because your government happens to be at odds with his over some incomprehensible political dispute, at least you might be allowed to enjoy a smoke with him before undertaking the homicide! If an armistice had been declared on Christmas Day and the soldiers of the contending nations had been allowed to visit each other at will, I wonder if there would have been much accurate shooting reported on the day after Christmas?

Never was there such a Christmas at any "front" as this one, not even in the ditches full of armed men about Richmond, Virginia, just fifty years ago. Every family in France, England, Germany, and Russia sent its package of comfort and good cheer to some son, husband, father, brother, or friend serving with the flag. Things to eat, wear, smoke, or drink—plum puddings, woolen socks, cigars, and wine—were the usual presents, with such handy articles as jackknives, sleeping-bags, and wrist watches to boot. To every four French soldiers the French Government sent a bottle of champagne, while every "Tommy" in the field received a Christmas card from his King and Queen. The German Crown Prince is reported to have distributed among some of his followers souvenir pipes with this message:

"Just as my grandfather, then Crown Prince Frederick William, at Christmas in 1870 sent to his army, consisting of your fathers and grandfathers, I send to my faithful comrades in arms a little memento of this Christmas, the greatest time in German history."

Such appeals as this to the pride, friendship, and sentimentality of a soldier do not make him any easier to whip.

The practice of granting week-end leaves of absence to the soldiers in the trenches, which has been begun by England, so far as I can learn, is an unheard-of departure from custom. However, it seems to work well. After visiting their wives and children in England, the men come back to the sodden

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

trenches as cheerful and interested in the work before them as a bevy of hot-blooded young recruits going into action for the first time.

After all, one can get accustomed to anything, and, with patience, trench life no doubt becomes not much more attended with discomfort than camping out on a hunting trip in the Canadian woods would be to an American. The following letter, written more than a month ago by a young friend of mine fighting for France, bears out this supposition, and at the same time throws light upon the excellent morale of the French soldiers:

"I suppose you will be interested to have some news of a 'second-class soldier' who is writing to you from the inside of a trench a few hundred yards away from the Germans, somewhere in the north of France, between Amiens and Arras. Every now and then there is a bullet or a shell bursting, but you get so easily accustomed to that kind of music. I had to leave for my barracks only on a few hours' notice after three weeks of married life, but my wife is—like myself, in the best of spirits—nursing some wounded and convalescent men. The period of our retreat was very hard—terrible marching with little food and sleep; but trench life, outside of shells, to which you soon pay little attention, pretty much resembles very rough camping to which you Americans are quite accustomed. . . .

"You know how we are all full of confidence in our final victory. It is a hard fight, and German forces are not to be underestimated, but we shall win; please tell that to all our American friends; and when you Americans see France after the war you will like it still better."

December 30, 1914.

II—ALLIANCE WITH "RUSSIAN BARBARISM"

BY GEORGE KENNAN

IN a recent discussion of the European war in which I happened to participate an English gentleman who was visiting the United States remarked:

"Some of us Englishmen feel a little ashamed of our alliance with a despotic and semi-barbarous power like Russia. It seems to be a sort of compromise, for selfish advantage, with the forces of evil."

Since that time many Americans who sympathize with the Allies have said to me, under the influence of the same thought: "It is a pity that such civilized nations as the English and the French should have to fight beside such semi-barbarous allies as the Russians. If the forces of the Triple Entente win, won't the victorious and uncivilized Russians be as dangerous a menace to Europe as the Germans have been?"

These or similar ideas have had frequent expression in the press, and have been so generally prevalent that Gilbert K. Chesterton has thought it worth while to criticise them in a two-column article in the New York "Times" (November 2, 1914).

Is there any solid foundation for this general belief that England ought to be ashamed of the Anglo-Russian alliance, and that in availing herself of the help of the Czar and his people she is lowering her standards of freedom and culture? Is Russia, in any proper sense of the words, a "semi-barbarous power"?

Before trying to answer these questions I wish to draw a sharp distinction between the Russian Government and the Russian people. "Semi-barbarous power" is a vague and ambiguous expression which may mean the Government, the people, or both; and that which is true of a "power" in one aspect may be wholly untrue in another.

I should describe Russia as a semi-enlightened, progressive, and liberty-loving nation which happens at present to be barbarously governed by a selfish and unprogressive oligarchy. In other words, the "semi-barbarism" is in the Government, not in the people. This I shall presently try to show; but, assuming for the moment that both Government and people are semi-barbarous, has England any good reason to regret that, in her struggle with Germany, she is associated with a government and a people whose cultural status is comparatively low?

Suppose that a highwayman armed with a deadly weapon attacks me suddenly on the road; and suppose that a neighbor—an uncultured Appalachian mountaineer—who notoriously governs his family with cruel severity comes to my assistance with two of his half-grown sons. Is their participation in the struggle a regrettable incident? Ought I

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to be ashamed of my allies? The answer, it seems to me, must be unhesitatingly in the negative. My primary need is help in my fight with a highwayman who is not only a danger to me but a menace to everybody. If that help is voluntarily given, even by an uncultured Appalachian mountaineer, I surely may accept it without approving the latter's character or assuming responsibility for his domestic methods. I may regret that he governs his family cruelly and despotically, and I may resolve that at the first favorable opportunity I will remonstrate with him and try to show him a better way; but there is not the shadow of a reason why in my life-and-death struggle I should deplore the fact that I have to fight beside a "semi-barbarous" neighbor. His participation in the conflict on my side is a distinct good for me—possibly for him—and it is bad for nobody except the highwayman.

But take an even more extreme case than this. Suppose that the friend in need who comes to my assistance is not a neighbor, but a friendly neighborhood bulldog, who, while I am trying to defend myself, fixes his teeth in the calf of my assailant's leg. Have I any reason to regret or deplore the dog's intervention? Or has any one a right to point at me and say: "Look at him! He ought to be ashamed of fighting side by side with a vicious bulldog against an educated highwayman!" The alleged education of the highwayman has nothing to do with it. Neither has the alleged viciousness of the bulldog. For the time being the dog and I are co-operating in a fight against illegality and violence, and I have no more reason to feel ashamed of association with him than he has to feel proud of association with me. Shame and pride have no proper place in the question.

But so far as the Czar's people are concerned, France and England are not fighting beside semi-barbarians. The Russian oligarchy may properly be described perhaps as semi-barbarous—in its governing methods at least—but the term cannot fairly be applied to the great mass of the Russian people. The word "barbarian" is defined by the Century Dictionary as "a man in a rude, savage state—a cruel, savage, brutal person." No one who has associated with the Russian people and has been able to talk with them in their own language would ever think of calling them "cruel," "savage," or "brutal." In the educated class of Russian town-dwellers may be seen as many evidences of culture and fine feeling as will be found in Berlin, Paris, or London. Their newspapers, magazines, and reviews will compare favorably in thought and literary form with ours; their knowledge of science, art, and music is not inferior to that of western Europe; and in literature the class that has given to the world Gogol, Krylof, Pushkin, Lermontof, Goncharof, Shchedrin, Tolstoy, Turgenev, Nekrassof, Dostoyevsky, and a host of others not so well known to us need not fear to stand up and be measured with the élite of Germany. So far as altruistic feeling and sterling qualities of character are concerned, the men of the First Duma, the rank and file of the Constitutional Democratic party, and hundreds of thousands of liberals and revolutionists in all parts of the Empire, are the peers of any living men in any civilized land.

"But," the believer in Russian barbarism may say, "we don't question the culture of the upper classes; we are talking about the seventy per cent of illiterate peasants—the great mass of human clods, who have no imagination, no enlightenment, no unselfish feeling, and no appreciation of the things that we call good. *They* are the semi-barbarians whose possible supremacy at the end of the war may become a menace to western Europe."

To this I should confidently reply: There is in Russia no preponderant mass of such people. There, as in other countries, one may find cruel men, savage men, and brutal men—looters, thieves, highwaymen, and murderers—but they are the exceptions, not the exponents of national character. In the words of the Japanese couplet:

> "The continents, in all, two nations bear;
> The good and bad, and these mixed
> everywhere."

Russia contains, it is true, a mass of illiterate peasants; but their ignorance is not their own fault. They are kept ignorant by a despotic oligarchy, which finds it easier to control and govern ignorant men than educated men. But these peasants, illiterate though they be, are not so lacking in imagination, enlightenment, fine feeling, and appreciation of the good as the non-Russian world seems to suppose.

It has always been erroneously thought that the Russian peasants are lacking in imagination, and even their courage in battle has been attributed to this alleged deficiency.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Of course they are brave," it is said, "because they are stolid and unimaginative and don't realize anything." As a matter of fact, however, the folk-lore of the Russian peasants is as highly imaginative as any literature of the kind in Europe. A notable illustration of this was given to the readers of The Outlook a few years ago in the Russian folk-tale "Napoleonder." I might safely challenge the exponents of German culture to produce from their own folk-lore anything so imaginative, anything so altruistic in spirit, or anything so closely in accord with the attitude that all Christian nations, outside of Germany, are now taking toward war.

That the great mass of the Russian peasants are unenlightened—so far as enlightenment depends upon literacy—is true; but they are not unintelligent. Neither are they lacking in generous feeling or incapable of appreciating what we call good.

"But," the believer in Russian barbarism may say, "how about the anti-Jewish *pogroms?* Has there ever been anything more cruel, savage, and brutal?"

Not often, I admit; but the fierce hostility of a part of the Russian people—the least intelligent part—toward the Jews was the result of deception and incitement for which the Jew-hating oligarchy was mainly, if not wholly, responsible. The Russian peasant is naturally liberal and tolerant; but if you make him believe beyond a shadow of a doubt that the Jews spit on and trample under foot the sacred *ikons* (pictures of the Madonna and Child) which he and his Church revere, if you thoroughly convince him that the Jews murder young Russian children in order to get Christian blood to mix with the dough of Passover cakes, you completely transform his natural character and make him capable of anything. That is what a Jew-hating Czar and a Jew-hating oligarchy did—or permitted to be done—and on their heads, not on the heads of the Russian people, lies the Jewish blood spilled in countless *pogroms*.

Why should the Russian peasants be more hostile to the Jews than to the Mohammedan Tartars? The latter are also unbelievers and aliens, and it was they who murdered and oppressed the Russian peasants' forefathers in centuries past. But has anybody ever heard of an anti-Tartar or anti-Mohammedan *pogrom?* There are millions of Mohammedan Tartars in Russia, but the Russian peasants everywhere live side by side with them in peace and concord. I have attended Mohammedan services in Tartar mosques with Russian peasants many times and in many parts of the Empire, but I have never heard a contemptuous or disrespectful word spoken of the worshipers or their services. If the Czar and his associates had deceived the peasants with regard to the Mohammedan Tartars and the Buddhistic Buriats as they deceived them with regard to the Jews, the former, not the latter, would have been the victims of the popular wrath and the sufferers from *pogroms*.

As for the alleged incapacity of the common, illiterate Russian peasant to show or appreciate generous, unselfish emotion, it is a popular delusion, fostered and strengthened perhaps by general belief in that aphoristic compendium of misinformation—"Scratch a Russian and you'll find a Tartar." Six or eight weeks ago an educated gentleman of Petrograd went into a remote peasant village in the province of Poltava, and was approached by an illiterate peasant woman who wanted him to write a letter for her to her husband, a common soldier of the line, serving in one of the armies of the Grand Duke Nicholas in Poland. The woman seemed to be in grief, and as soon as she began to dictate her letter tears trickled down her cheeks.

"Tell him," she said, "that I am well, and that I send him a *poklón*" (a profound bow, made by inclining the body from the waist). "Tell him that the grain has been harvested and is safe in the barn. Tell him that the baby has another tooth; that Vanushka" (little Ivan) "is going to the parish school; that we have plenty of wood and provisions for the winter; that everything is going well" (*blagopoluchno*). "That's all. Sign it 'Katia.'"

"But, my dear woman," said the amanuensis, "if everything is going so well, why do you cry?"

"Oh, *bahrin!*" (master), she replied, in a voice choking with sobs; "everything is *not* going well. The grain is *not* harvested—I couldn't get any help; the baby is sick; we haven't enough food for the winter; there is nobody to look after the place; and everything is going to pieces!"

"But, *matushka!*" (my dear little mother) said the amanuensis. "If that is so, why do you lie to your husband?"

"May God forgive me!" she replied. "I can't tell him the truth. He is fighting for his country in Poland, and he mustn't be

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

worried or disheartened by bad news from home."

Is this the behavior of a barbarian—a "cruel, savage, brutal person," who has no unselfish feeling and no appreciation of what we call good? There are millions of such illiterate peasants in Russia—men as well as women—and no Frenchman or Englishman need feel ashamed of association with them in peace or in war. A distinguished Prussian general, who is now a prisoner in Petrograd, is quoted in the New York "Times" as saying, "There is no dishonor in being captured by the Russians." Then certainly there can be no dishonor in fighting beside them.

Nothing is more striking in modern Russia than the idealism and altruistic spirit of the liberal and enlightened class. These characteristics are not fostered or encouraged by the Government; on the contrary, they are discountenanced and repressed; but they struggle to the surface in every possible field. The so-called "going to the people" in the early seventies was a manifestation of this spirit, and it continues to be exhibited in the efforts to improve the condition of workers in factories and mines; in the attempts to distribute libraries in the peasant villages; in the organization of lecture courses for the enlightenment of the ignorant masses; in the promotion of co-operative societies; in the establishment of consumers' leagues; in the opening of tea-rooms for peasants suddenly deprived of vodka; and in countless other ways. One who reads attentively the Russian periodicals can hardly fail to get the impression that a large part of the educated Russian class is constantly engaged in work for the benefit of the uneducated, the exploited, and the oppressed. This altruistic labor is thwarted to a great extent by governmental regulation and repression; but the spirit is there, and it is practically irrepressible. I would undertake to-day to get together in Russia for purely altruistic purposes a greater number of enthusiastic, devoted "social workers" than could be gathered in any other country in Europe. In Germany it is the Government that does most of the training, enlightening, and social uplifting. In Russia the people do it—or try to do it; and, although it is not done so well as in Germany, there is greater promise in it for the future.

If the people of Russia ever get full control of their own destinies, there will be in that country a renaissance, or, to speak more accurately perhaps, a development, that will surprise the world as much as did the transformation of Japan.

JOHN MUIR: AN APPRECIATION[1]

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

OUR greatest nature lover and nature writer, the man who has done most in securing for the American people the incalculable benefit of appreciation of wild nature in his own land, is John Burroughs. Second only to John Burroughs, and in some respects ahead even of John Burroughs, was John Muir. Ordinarily, the man who loves the woods and the mountains, the trees, the flowers, and the wild things, has in him some indefinable quality of charm which appeals even to those sons of civilization who care for little outside of paved streets and brick walls. John Muir was a fine illustration of this rule. He was by birth a Scotchman—a tall and spare man, with the poise and ease natural to him who has lived much alone under conditions of labor and hazard. His was a dauntless soul, and also one brimming over with friendliness and kindliness.

He was emphatically a good citizen. Not only are his books delightful, not only is he the author to whom all men turn when they think of the Sierras and northern glaciers, and the giant trees of the California slope, but he was also—what few nature lovers are—a man able to influence contemporary thought and action on the subjects to which he had devoted his life. He was a great factor in influencing the thought of California and the thought of the entire country so as to secure the preservation of those great natural phenomena—wonderful canyons, giant trees, slopes of flower-spangled hillsides—which make California a veritable Garden of the Lord.

It was my good fortune to know John

[1] Elsewhere in this issue will be found an editorial estimate of John Muir; a portrait appears in the picture section.—THE EDITORS.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Muir. He had written me, even before I met him personally, expressing his regret that when Emerson came to see the Yosemite, his (Emerson's) friends would not allow him to accept John Muir's invitation to spend two or three days camping with him, so as to see the giant grandeur of the place under surroundings more congenial than those of a hotel piazza or a seat on a coach. I had answered him that if ever I got in his neighborhood I should claim from him the treatment that he had wished to accord Emerson. Later, when as President I visited the Yosemite, John Muir fulfilled the promise he had at that time made to me. He met me with a couple of pack-mules, as well as with riding mules for himself and myself, and a first-class packer and cook, and I spent a delightful three days and two nights with him.

The first night we camped in a grove of giant sequoias. It was clear weather, and we lay in the open, the enormous cinnamon-colored trunks rising about us like the columns of a vaster and more beautiful cathedral than was ever conceived by any human architect. One incident surprised me not a little. Some thrushes—I think they were Western hermit-thrushes—were singing beautifully in the solemn evening stillness. I asked some question concerning them of John Muir, and to my surprise found that he had not been listening to them and knew nothing about them. Once or twice I had been off with John Burroughs, and had found that, although he was so much older than I was, his ear and his eye were infinitely better as regards the sights and sounds of wild life, or at least of the smaller wild life, and I was accustomed unhesitatingly to refer to him regarding any bird note that puzzled me. But John Muir, I found, was not interested in the small things of nature unless they were unusually conspicuous. Mountains, cliffs, trees, appealed to him tremendously, but birds did not unless they possessed some very peculiar and interesting as well as conspicuous traits, as in the case of the water ouzel. In the same way, he knew nothing of the wood mice; but the more conspicuous beasts, such as bear and deer, for example, he could tell much about.

All next day we traveled through the forest. Then a snow-storm came on, and at night we camped on the edge of the Yosemite, under the branches of a magnificent silver fir, and very warm and comfortable we were, and a very good dinner we had before we rolled up in our tarpaulins and blankets for the night. The following day we went down into the Yosemite and through the valley, camping in the bottom among the timber.

There was a delightful innocence and good will about the man, and an utter inability to imagine that any one could either take or give offense. Of this I had an amusing illustration just before we parted. We were saying good-by, when his expression suddenly changed, and he remarked that he had totally forgotten something. He was intending to go to the Old World with a great tree lover and tree expert from the Eastern States who possessed a somewhat crotchety temper. He informed me that his friend had written him, asking him to get from me personal letters to the Russian Czar and the Chinese Emperor; and when I explained to him that I could not give personal letters to foreign potentates, he said: "Oh, well, read the letter yourself, and that will explain just what I want." Accordingly he thrust the letter on me. It contained not only the request which he had mentioned, but also a delicious preface, which, with the request, ran somewhat as follows:

"I hear Roosevelt is coming out to see you. He takes a sloppy, unintelligent interest in forests, although he is altogether too much under the influence of that creature Pinchot, and you had better get from him letters to the Czar of Russia and the Emperor of China, so that we may have better opportunity to examine the forests and trees of the Old World."

Of course I laughed heartily as I read the letter, and said: "John, do you remember exactly the words in which this letter was couched?" Whereupon a look of startled surprise came over his face, and he said: "Good gracious! there was something unpleasant about you in it; wasn't there? I had forgotten. Give me the letter back."

So I gave him back the letter, telling him that I appreciated it far more than if it had not contained the phrases he had forgotten, and that while I could not give him and his companion letters to the two rulers in question, I would give him letters to our Ambassadors, which would bring about the same result.

John Muir talked even better than he wrote. His greatest influence was always upon those who were brought into personal contact with him. But he wrote well, and while his books have not the peculiar charm that a very, very few other writers on similar subjects have had, they will nevertheless last long. Our generation owes much to John Muir.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

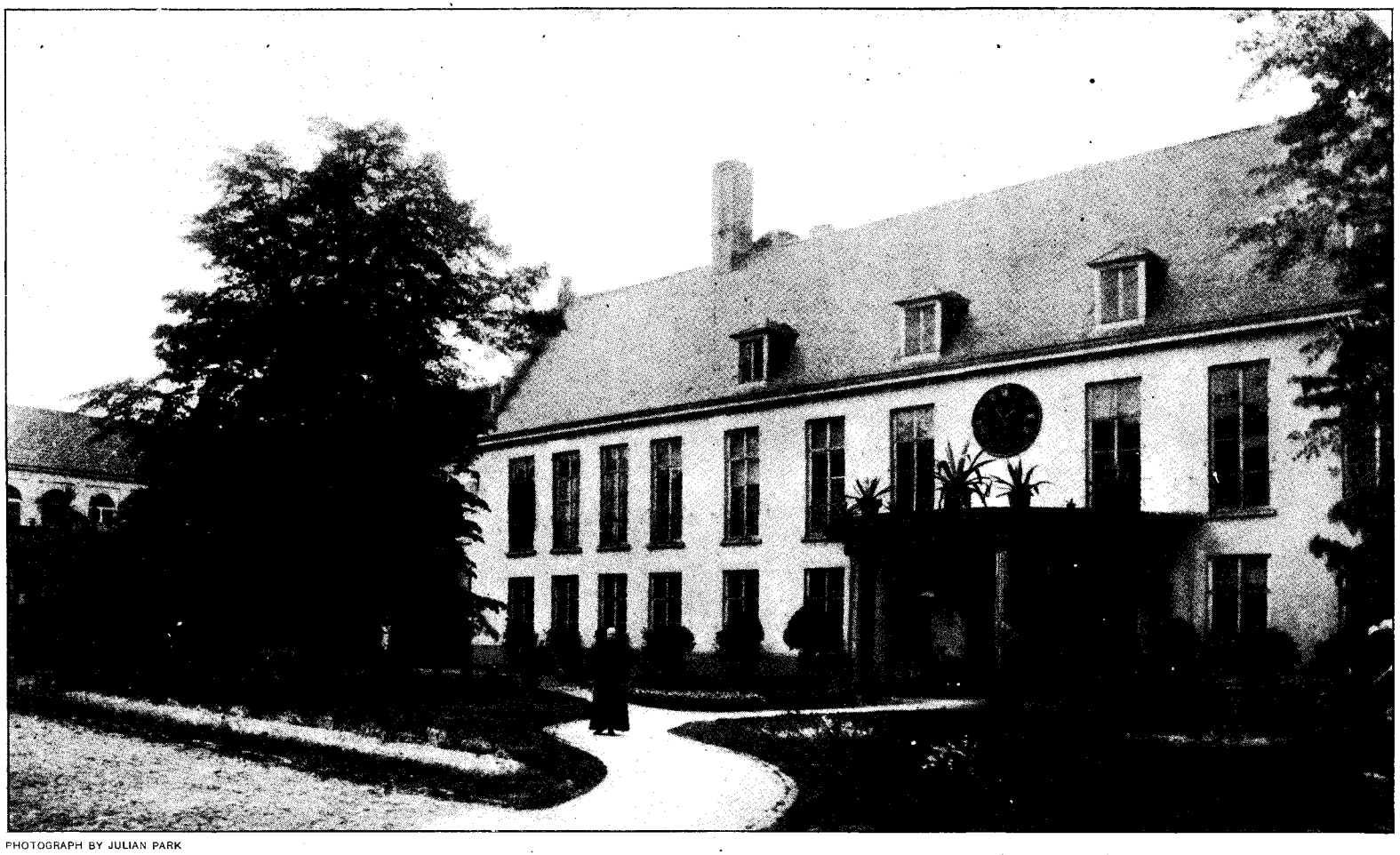
Current Events Pictorially Treated

PHOTOGRAPH BY HARRIS & EWING

AN ELOQUENT HELPER OF HER STARVING PEOPLE

Mme. Lalla Vandervelde, whose picture appears above, is the wife of the well-known Socialist member of the Belgian Cabinet; he was recently in this country as a member of the commission which appealed to President Wilson in behalf of Belgium. Mme. Vandervelde has made a country-wide tour to raise funds for her suffering people, and everywhere has aroused sympathy and obtained practical aid for her cause. See editorial pages

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

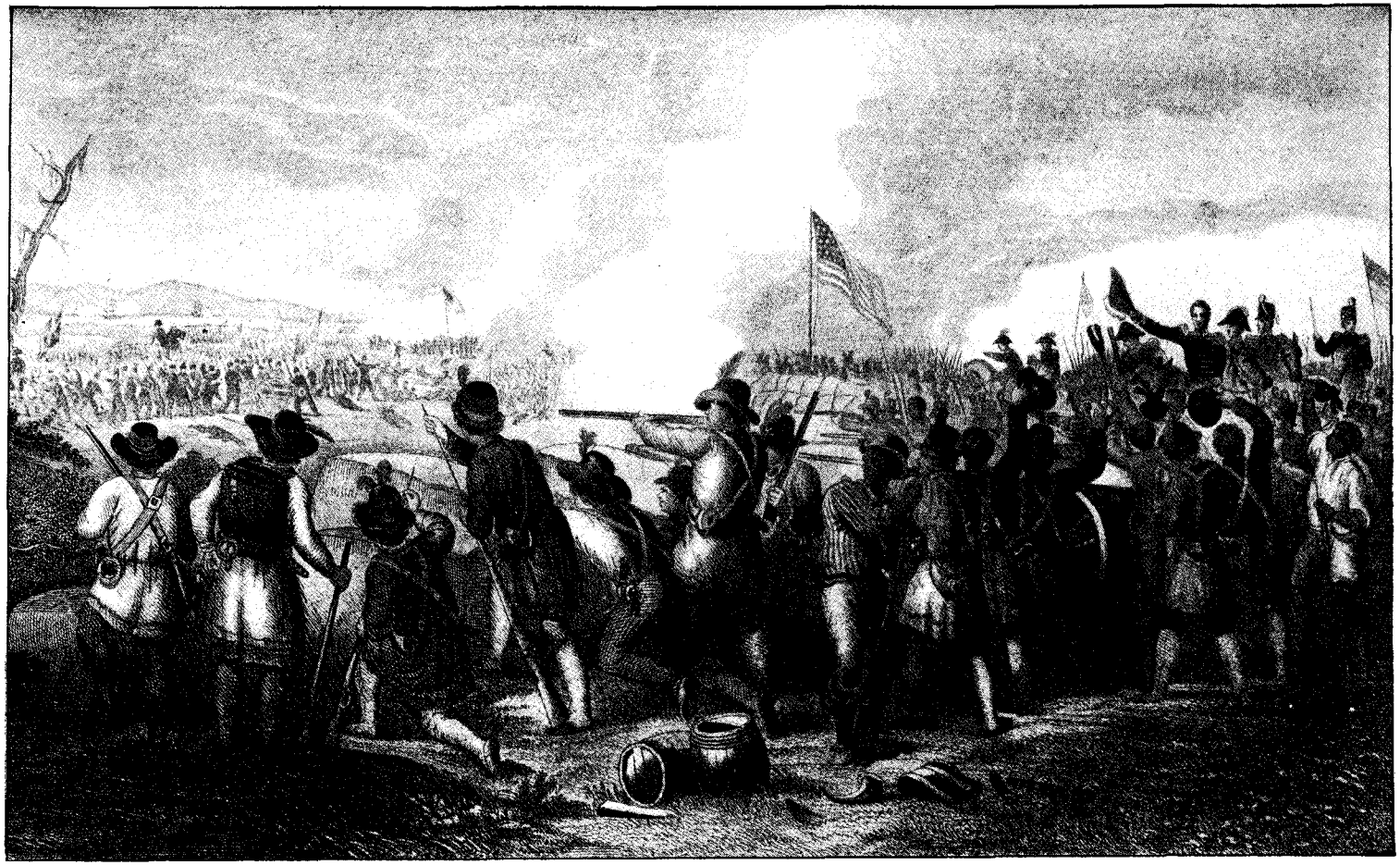


PHOTOGRAPH BY JULIAN PARK

THE HOUSE IN WHICH THE TREATY OF GHENT WAS SIGNED A CENTURY AGO

This building in the city of Ghent, Belgium, a recent photograph of which is presented above, was formerly a Carthusian monastery and is now the home of the Brothers of St. Jean de Dieu. Here the English commissioners, Gambier, Coulborn, and Adams, and the American agents, Adams, Bayard, Gallatin, and later Clay and Russell, met, and here the Treaty of Peace between Great Britain and the United States was finally signed, on December 24, 1814. The building has been much changed since that time, the two contracting Powers having neglected to preserve it as a memento of peace and not having even marked it with a tablet. The hundredth anniversary of the signing of the treaty was to have been celebrated at Ghent with much rejoicing this year, but the great war has upset the programme planned for the occasion

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

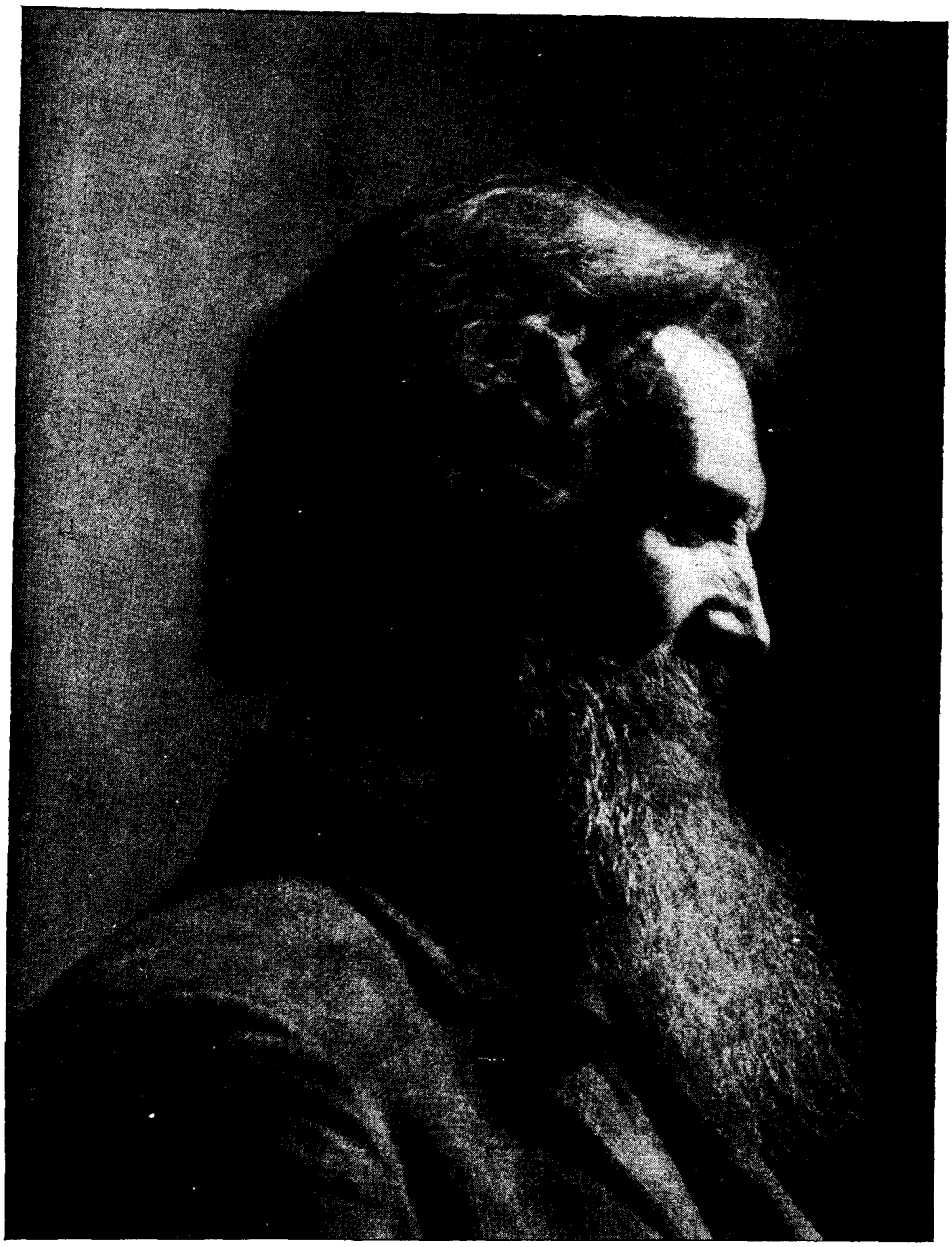


FROM AN OLD ENGRAVING

THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS, A CENTURY AGO

The hundredth anniversary of this battle, in which General Jackson won his most famous victory and in which the British commander, General Pakenham (brother-in-law of the Duke of Wellington), lost his life, occurs January 8 of this year. The battle was fought two weeks after the signing of the Treaty of Ghent (see preceding page) but, owing to the slowness of communication, neither party to the conflict knew that peace had been declared

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

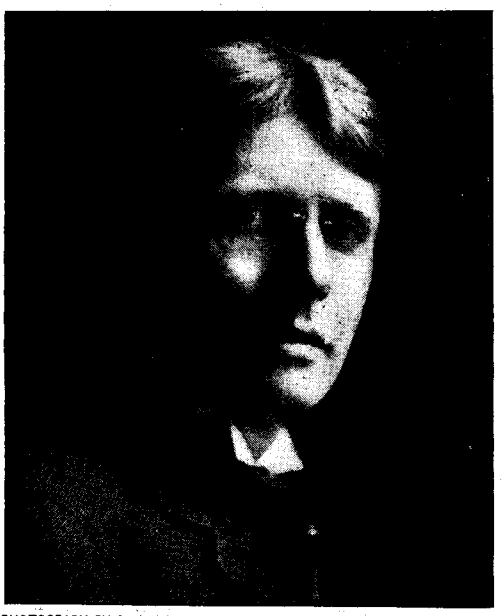


PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLES F. LUMMIS

JOHN MUIR: NATURALIST, AUTHOR, TRAVELER, "FATHER OF THE YOSEMITE"

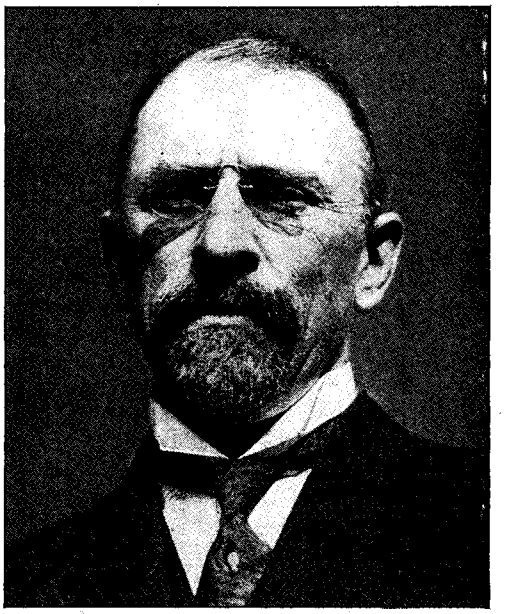
For appreciations of the character and career of this famous naturalist, who recently died, see Mr. Roosevelt's article on page 27 and the editorial on page 11

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PHOTOGRAPH BY G. G. BAIN

BRAND WHITLOCK
American Minister to Belgium

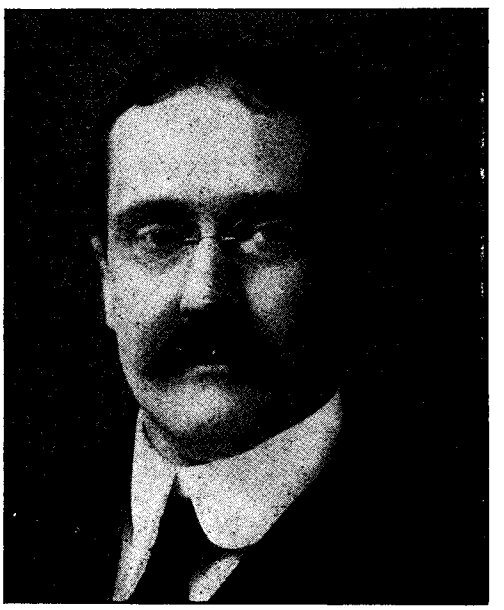


PHOTOGRAPH BY G. G. BAIN

HENRY MORGENTHAU
American Ambassador to Turkey

COPYRIGHT BY HARRIS & EWING

WALTER H. PAGE
American Ambassador to Great Britain



PHOTOGRAPH BY G. G. BAIN

JAMES WATSON GERARD
American Ambassador to Germany

FOUR AMERICANS WHO REPRESENT PEACE AND GOOD WILL IN WARRING EUROPE IN 1915

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL THOMPSON

SELLING TICKETS FROM A SEDAN CHAIR FOR A CONCERT IN LONDON

PHOTOGRAPH BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

A WELL-GUARDED COLLECTION-BOX IN THE STREETS OF BERLIN

NOVEL METHODS OF RAISING MONEY FOR THE RED CROSS IN GREAT BRITAIN AND GERMANY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COPYRIGHT BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

PROCLAIMING THE HOLY WAR FROM A MOSQUE IN CONSTANTINOPLE

The Sheik-ul-Islam, head of the Mussulman faith, is seen in the picture, surrounded by Mohammedan dignitaries, declaring the existence of a Holy War. This proclamation, it is believed, will by no means produce the effect that such declarations had in former times

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COPYRIGHT BY HARRIS & EWING

THE FEDERAL RESERVE BOARD IN SESSION

The members of the Board, as shown in this the most recent picture that has been taken of them in a group in the Board room, are, from left to right around the table: William G. McAdoo, Secretary of the Treasury; John Skelton Williams, Comptroller of the Currency; Adolph C. Miller, Frederic A. Delano, Dr. H. Parker Willis (secretary), W. P. G. Harding, Paul Warburg, and Charles S. Hamlin (governor)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FLAMMONDE

BY EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

The man Flammonde, from God knows where,
With firm address and foreign air,—
With news of nations in his talk
And something royal in his walk,—
With glint of iron in his eyes,
But never doubt, nor yet surprise,
Appeared, and stayed, and held his head
As one by kings accredited.

Erect, with his alert repose
About him, and about his clothes,
He pictured all tradition hears
Of what we owe to fifty years.
His cleansing heritage of taste
Paraded neither want nor waste;
And what he needed for his fee
To live, he borrowed graciously.

He never told us what he was,
Or what mischance, or other cause,
Had banished him from better days
To play the Prince of Castaways.
Meanwhile he played surpassing well
A part, for most, unplayable;
In fine, one pauses, half afraid
To say for certain that he played.

For that, one may as well forego
Conviction as to yes or no;
Nor can I say just how intense
Would then have been the difference
To several, who, having striven
In vain to get what he was given,
Would see the stranger taken on
By friends not easy to be won.

Moreover, many a malcontent
He soothed and found munificent;
His courtesy beguiled and foiled
Suspicion that his years were soiled;
His mien distinguished any crowd,
His credit strengthened when he bowed;
And women, young and old, were fond
Of looking at the man Flammonde.

There was a woman in our town
On whom the fashion was to frown;
But while our talk renewed the tinge
Of a long-faded scarlet fringe,
The man Flammonde saw none of that,
And what he saw we wondered at—

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

That none of us, in her distress,
Could hide or find our littleness.

There was a boy that all agreed
Had shut within him the rare seed
Of learning. We could understand,
But none of us could lift a hand.
The man Flammonde appraised the youth,
And told a few of us the truth;
And thereby, for a little gold,
A flowered future was unrolled.

There were two citizens who fought
For years and years, and over nought;
They made life awkward for their friends,
And shortened their own dividends.
The man Flammonde said what was wrong
Should be made right; nor was it long
Before they were again in line,
And had each other in to dine.

And these I mention are but four
Of many out of many more.
So much for them. But what of him—
So firm in every look and limb?
What small satanic sort of kink
Was in his brain? What broken link
Withheld him from the destinies
That came so near to being his?

What was he, when we came to sift
His meaning, and to note the drift
Of incommunicable ways
That make us ponder while we praise?
Why was it that his charm revealed
Somehow the surface of a shield?
What was it that we never caught?
What was he, and what was he not?

How much it was of him we met
We cannot ever know; nor yet
Shall all he gave us quite atone
For what was his, and his alone:
Nor need we now, since he knew best,
Nourish an ethical unrest:
Rarely at once will nature give
The power to be Flammonde and live.

We cannot know how much we learn
From those who never will return,
Until a flash of unforeseen
Remembrance falls on what has been.
We've each a darkening hill to climb:
And this is why, from time to time
In Tilbury Town, we look beyond
Horizons for the man Flammonde.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GETTING A JOB

BY R. ROE

MY home town, out in the Middle West, is one of those places that is always in a dispute with the United States Government. In 1910 Uncle Sam said the population was 24,376. My home town said 25,000 even. That's what the present dispute is about. You can see for yourself the kind of a town it is—contentious, but disposed to be populous.

Out there they publish two papers; regular papers that contain market reports, foreign news, big league percentage tables, "Grand Circuit Results," and discreetly worded medicine advertisements. They always have political news and editorials, too, but the best sections are the local and the social. Once in a while, back here on Broadway, I get one of the home papers, and I bury my nose in the local and the social columns. There is where you will see—sometimes in the social, but mostly in the local—that Michael Flynn has accepted a position as wiper in the C., B. & Q. roundhouse, or that Axel Anderson has accepted a position driving the delivery wagon for Peter Swanson's East End Grocery.

Accepting a position! There is a bunk, if there ever was a bunk. Did any one ever accept a position until he had forcibly dragged it out of the paws of the person who had the position to give? If the home paper told the truth, it would say that Michael Flynn, assisted by his mother, the Democratic county committeeman, two priests, and the postmaster, had finally persuaded the master mechanic to give him a trial—with the express understanding that the first time he took a drink he got fired. Or, if they told the truth about Axel Anderson, they'd say that Pete Swanson's horse had gone lame, and that Axel had agreed to furnish his own horse and drive the wagon for two dollars a month less than Pete had been paying Otto Hawkinson for driving and laming Pete's horse.

Nobody can get me to believe that anybody ever accepted a position. I wouldn't believe it, even if the New York "Evening Post" announced that President Wilson had brought great pressure to bear on William Sulzer and persuaded him to accept the position of Secretary of the Treasury. No, sir, you can't make me believe anything about anybody accepting a position. A big majority of the fellows who are standing around complaining of hard times and the lack of work are fellows who have been waiting for a chance to accept a position. Their experience is enough for me.

I don't know anything about accepting positions, but I do know something about getting jobs—although I'd hate to be turned loose right now and told to go get one. Be that as it may, I have in my time snared several jobs, and I know something about job snaring, unless conditions have changed a great deal in the last four or five years.

Even when help is scarce there are always more applicants for jobs than jobs. When I say jobs, I mean anything from sweeping out a saloon up to the management of a big corporation at a salary of $25,000 a year. I was never a saloon porter, nor am I drawing a $25,000 salary just yet. My experience thus far has been between these two extremes. Maybe I shall get up to the $25,000 mark in a few years. On the other hand, I may show a reversal of form and drop back. I don't know how that will be, but a job is a job, and the getting of one particular kind of a job involves principles that can be applied to the pursuit and capture of almost any other kind.

My earliest fixed and determined ambition was to be a jockey. Of course I had previously aspired to be a soldier, a railway brakeman, a circus performer, and a few things like that, but I never really got my mind firmly made up to be any particular thing until I determined to be a jockey. I had many qualifications—a love and understanding of horses; the ability to ride almost any horse; good hands, as the trainers call it; infinite daring and confidence when on a horse's back; and at that time no indication of developing a disqualifying weight. I held forth every promise of becoming a jockey, and might have done so had it not been for two obstacles, namely, a mother and father, each of whom, after despairing of making me a clergyman, determined to make me a lawyer. Publicly I studied the branches of study that were then common to all public schools, but privately I was crammed with abnormal amounts of Latin, rhetoric, and English and Roman history, being thus made ready to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

absorb the pages of mediæval drool and the occasional paragraph of modern common sense that a young man must wade through before he is considered to be properly prepared for the bar.

My increasing stature finally convinced me that my hopes for a jockey's career might as well be relinquished. This conclusion was reached about the time that I became captain of the high school football team.

After my school days were finished I had a try at salesmanship—canvassing, to be more exact. As long as I kept within the circle of my family's acquaintance I did moderately well, but beyond that circle my success was not sufficient to persuade even me, with my not too modest opinion of myself, that I was an exceptional salesman. Finally I surrendered to the seemingly inevitable, and more or less willingly went away to law school. Here quite unexpectedly I developed into a fairly good student, and won a certain measure of distinction. Leaving law school, I tried canvassing again, this time with more success, but not enough to justify any boasts. At least I was willing to take a job when the opportunity offered. I do not call canvassing a job, although perhaps it deserves that title. The opportunity to get a job finally came along, or, to be more exact, was dragged in forcibly by my father, who had small sympathy with my wanderings over the face of the earth and my occasional requisitions on him for money.

I became a clerk in a law office. This is the only job I have ever had that was obtained for me by another person, and, in spite of my father's intervention, I had to put up somewhat of an argument to get this job. I didn't have an opportunity to accept a position gracefully. In the course of time I became what is now generally called managing clerk of this law office. It was a good law office. At least, the senior member of the firm was a good lawyer. However, it was not a very enterprising law office, and, while I was not insensible to the advantages of having my name on the letterheads in the first position below the faint line that separates the actual members of a law firm from those who are its salaried employees, I was harassed by a growing desire to marry a certain girl and influenced by a growing conviction that I should never be able to do so as long as I remained in this particular law office. Thus it was that I became a job-seeker.

I still blush when I recall my first efforts as a job-hunter. I, who had become a case-taker for a well-established law office, and advised men how to avoid, or at least reduce, the consequences of their own commercial follies, committed the greatest folly that a job-hunter can commit. I consulted an employment agency and described to them the qualities I believed myself to possess. If they carefully cross-indexed the qualifications that I claimed, they must have written a considerable number of index cards in recording the different kinds of jobs that I considered myself competent to fill. I made a very favorable impression on this employment agency. They were sure they could place me at a splendid salary: "Please send by return mail our registration fee of $2." I sent the two dollars and waited. Finally I wrote to inquire how soon I might expect the job and the splendid salary that they had promised. The employment agency did not receive this letter. An officious Government had meanwhile intervened and closed them up. This same Government sent back my letter with a stamped indorsement which tactfully informed me that I was a boob.

Following that experience I became very cautious about employment agencies, but I had not been cured by any means, for I was still in the state of mind that unsuccessful job-hunters habitually are in. I believed that some one else could do more for me than I could do for myself. Accordingly I corresponded with other employment agencies, and finally found two that did not require a registration fee. Both were honestly conducted. I am sure of that, for each of them advised me to wait for a partnership in the law office. One told me of a certain lawyer who had relinquished a country practice to become the collection manager of a certain large corporation at—what then seemed to me—a fabulous salary, but who nevertheless regretted that he had given up his independence and his law practice. This did not discourage me, and the employment agent finally sent me out to a packing-house in the Chicago stockyards. They needed a credit man. I interviewed a heavy-jowled gentleman who spoke a jargon of dates and discounts that sounded like the signals of a football quarterback, and then proceeded to wallow around in a conversational mess of lard, bacon, side ribs, and canned meats that to me, who had overbreakfasted, was positively nauseating. Evidently I didn't make any more of a hit with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the heavy-jowled man than he made with me—for I didn't get the job.

The other employment agent didn't send me anywhere. I suppose he saw it was useless. He said: "I'll tell you what you do; you write up a fine ad about yourself and run it in one of the Chicago newspapers. Then have some cheap printer make a lot of copies of it, and you mail a copy of the ad to every big house in Chicago. If you paste the ad on a piece of paper so they can't see the back of it, they'll think you cut it out of a newspaper. Get the idea? They will either think that some stockholder has cut the ad out of the paper and sent it to them or that you have spent two cents for a paper yourself. Whatever they think, the blind address is a kind of challenge to their curiosity, and they're liable to fall for it. Anyway, it's cheaper than writing letters. You go ahead and try it, and I hope you get the kind of a job you want. Good-by."

I didn't try the employment agent's scheme. I wasn't smart enough to grasp the psychology of it. I never have tried the plan exactly as he outlined it, but a good many years later I tried an adaptation of it, which I shall tell you about in due time. I am satisfied that the scheme is a good one for any one who is sure that he is really fitted to fill a good position. The trouble with me at that time was that I wasn't fitted to fill any position except that position of managing clerk of a rather drowsy and old-fashioned law office. I am indebted to these two employment agents for bringing me to a realizing sense of the fact.

In a vague sort of way I felt that I wanted to be a credit man or collection manager, or both. I had learned something about the persuasion of reluctant dollars from the pockets of recalcitrant debtors. I had come to know nearly every twist and turn of the commercial law of my own State and had put to rout several vastly better lawyers than I, because I had delved deeper than they into the relations of debtor and creditor. In so delving I had learned something of the law in surrounding States on similar points. I had, in fact, become a rather competent collection specialist; but I had not mastered the broader and more important principles of collection work. I could perform a single specific collection operation with more than average adroitness, but, like the medical specialist, I lacked the general breadth of useful knowledge that in medical men makes that greatest of physicians, "a good family doctor." I had the qualifications neither of a collection manager nor of a credit man. Swollen with egotism as I was, it is nothing short of a miracle that I came to realize so quickly my deficiencies; but the fact remains that I did contrive to arrive at the conclusion that I needed to have more knowledge before I could justly demand more salary.

The biggest truth I have ever discovered in connection with job-hunting and job-finding is that the possession of more than average knowledge or more than average skill in a given line of work constitutes the only force, outside of that degrading and self-respect-sapping thing called "influence," that will lift one above the sordid and commonplace matching up of "help wanted" against "situations wanted." Any one who has ever measured the difference between the "help wanted" and "situations wanted" columns of the daily papers knows that the man who wants a situation has about one chance in five if he is confined to the human market that revolves around the "help wanted" advertisements and occasional "help wanted" placards.

To fit myself for the position of credit man or collection manager I came to realize that I needed to know a great deal that my youthful experience had not given me, and was scarcely likely to furnish within the time I had allotted for the finding of the new and better job. My recourse was to books. First, I took up the A B C of accounting and studied the kind of books that red-wristed farmer boys peruse when they come in after corn-shucking to take a business course at the "commercial college." Finally, I progressed to an acquaintance with Keister's "Corporation Accounting," then one of the most advanced works on the science of accounts. From accounting I progressed to finance, and read, among other works, a most dreary account in four volumes of the development of modern banking. Meanwhile I had developed a more human view-point in regard to collections. This alone, of all my preparatory work, was really practical. After a year or so I commenced to feel—unjustified as such feeling was—that I had acquired all of the knowledge necessary to the realization of my ambitions, except a knowledge of mercantile credit-making. I knew something of mercantile credits in the aggregate, but very little about the making and handling of individual credits. How was one to get that knowledge without actually being a credit

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

man? I consulted a kindly librarian. The library contained no books on the subject, but a search through publishers' catalogues revealed four existing treatises. The library purchased them. I read them. I doubt if any one has since. That is not egotism, but a feeling of regret that the library should have spent its money to so little purpose. These books on credits were undoubtedly good books, for they contained much knowledge that I can now say—some twenty years later—many credit men do not yet possess.

There came a time when I felt equipped to renew my efforts to obtain the coveted job. I composed a letter of perhaps a hundred words. It told of my aspirations rather than my qualifications, but it touched the spot with the manager of one of the twelve concerns to whom I despatched the letter. He afterwards said, "I knew you didn't know all you thought you knew, but it was exceptional to find a man who even knew he ought to know what you thought you knew."

I got a job as special collector and adjuster for a large company. The job was not what I wanted, but I took it. I went to work with fear and trembling, and I never quit fearing and trembling as long as I worked for that company—which I have always thought was a mighty good thing for me. I made good, but it wasn't because of my ability. It was because I was scared. I worked all day—sometimes until ten o'clock at night. Then I sat down and wrote carefully worded reports of what I had done—or failed to do. I became a living example of the adage that "a new broom sweeps clean." As it afterwards transpired, I swept into corners that had not been disturbed for years. Several months passed, when I received peremptory instructions to report at the home office. "Fired," I ruefully remarked to myself: "fired in spite of all I could do." I went to the home office, and, instead of being fired, was made a manager—a territorial manager of collections. I had attained the coveted position. I was a manager of collections for a year or so, and then, most unexpectedly and somewhat disconcertingly, became a member of the law department, replacing a man whom I had held in a certain reverence because of his unctuous and impressive manner. They called him "judge." Perhaps he had been a judge sometime, but the company discharged him with small regard for what he had been. I took his place, and they called me judge—behind my back. I am still known as judge by those who knew me then, but I have never deserved the title. I got by. I got by partly because of certain tricks of collection law that I knew and others that I learned, but principally because I had studied and in a measure understood the fundamental principles of finance and credit. From a mere office lawyer I broadened into a sort of advisory credit man and financial adviser. An amalgamation occurred, and I was selected to take charge of a certain territory and cope with a financial problem that had been gnawing into the vitals of the business for years. I did not solve it, for it is insolvable, but I gained credit—whether justly or not—for finding a partial solution. My salary was increased and my employers became unafraid to express the esteem in which they held me; and that, in my opinion, is the highest recognition an employer can give.

During this time I had married. We had a baby. Also my father had failed financially and was a member of my household. My needs were comparatively great. I had practically reached the top in the credit and collection department of my employers. My last increase in salary had been twenty-five dollars per month. To rise much higher there must be death, resignation, or dismissal. There was small prospect of any of the three, and happily none of these three fatalities has occurred since then. I felt that I had exhausted the immediate possibilities of credits and collection work. I must turn to sales. Except for my brief experience as a canvasser I had no training for sales work. I asked my employers to transfer me to their sales department. They reluctantly agreed to do so, but at a less salary than I was receiving in their credit and collection department. I could not afford to take a lower salary. I must try elsewhere. This determination called for the utmost tax on my ability as a job-getter. I was a tolerably expert credit and collection executive and received a good salary, as salaries go in that line of work. I proposed to turn a vocational somersault and land with both feet on a job for which I had no experience or training, but in which I must get as large a salary as I was receiving for work that I thoroughly understood.

I did the logical thing, which in business is nine times out of ten the wrong thing to do.

I knew something about finance. I knew a great many bankers. I flattered myself

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that I knew how to handle bankers. This was probably an error on my part, for I doubt if any one knows how to handle bankers. At any rate, I decided that if I was to sell anything it must be something that could be sold to bankers. I passed up bank fixtures, bank stationery, and advertising specialties because they offered no field for the employment of my fancied knowledge of finance. There were but two choices left—bonds or commercial paper. Commercial paper I knew something about, but very little about the system by which it is peddled to banks. Concerning bonds I knew practically nothing. I needed to learn a good deal more about commercial paper and all about bonds. Again I had recourse to the public library. The librarian had one book about commercial paper and two about bonds. I read those, and got the library to buy additional books, which I read. I subscribed to a financial paper that devoted much space to investment securities. Gradually I acquired at least a superficial knowledge of the ins and outs of the note-brokerage and bond-brokerage business. Then I rented a typewriter, borrowed a bankers' directory, and began to write letters to private bankers, note-brokers, and bond-brokers. I say that I wrote letters. By this I mean that I had one letter for note-brokers and another for private bankers. The composition of these two letters cost a vast amount of time and thought. I wrote and rewrote each of the letters a great many times before I commenced to send either. In their final form they were pretty good letters. Perhaps they were as strong a brief as could have been prepared for my pitifully weak case. I had purchased some engraved stationery. The engraving was the most chaste and dignified that my imagination could conceive, the paper the most expensive that my purse could command. On this stationery I began to type my letters with my rented typewriting machine. Realizing but too well the loss involved by a single wasted sheet, I was very cautious in my typing, and most of my letters presented a rather neat appearance. I put in two hours every night at this work, and succeeded in copying about eight letters nightly.

Most vividly do I remember the morning post that brought the first replies. One was from a man, then an international figure in the financial world, who wrote: "Your letter indicates a type of mind that might aid you in filling the sort of position to which you aspire, but to reach it you must reconcile yourself to at least ten years' service in subordinate positions that could not by any possibility afford the amount of salary that you seemingly expect. I regret that there is apparently no opportunity for us to utilize your services in the way that you evidently have in mind."

So accurately, although considerately, did this letter expose the absurdity of my pretensions that I had not the courage to reply to it. Perhaps it was meant to fathom the depth of my courage—or audacity. Perhaps if I had written again and still continued to urge my case, this man would have said, "Come on, you wild young ass, and we shall see what we can make of you—and pay you your own price while we are doing it." I say "perhaps," for I don't know what would have happened if I had written again; but I have since learned that this man rarely wrote letters to any one, much less to unknown job-seekers. If he was testing me, he found me wanting. I didn't have the nerve to come back at him.

The other replies were colorless but courteous statements that "no vacancy exists at present." Day by day the replies continued to be of that character. I was getting a high percentage of replies, but they were one hundred per cent unfavorable. I studied my two letters over and over again, and I could not see where I could improve them; so night after night I continued to hammer them out on my rented typewriter, and next morning send them away on their hopeless mission. It was discouraging work, for it seemed apparent that I was on the wrong track. No one with a full measure of common sense would have continued. I did continue. And, as far as my experience in life permits me to speak, I believe that in job-hunting, or any other form of human activity, the man who is as much as ten per cent right will find that it pays to go ahead, no matter how many rebuffs or reverses he suffers. You know the maxim, "First be sure you're right, then go ahead." Of the few rules I have developed for my own conduct the chief is an amendment to the foregoing, and reads: "First be sure you're at least ten per cent right, and then go ahead as far as you can." I have observed that the man with the ten per cent "right" and the one hundred per cent "go ahead" usually gets farther along than the man with the one hundred per cent

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"right" and the ten per cent "go ahead." Therefore, you, Mr. Shipping Clerk—or Mr. Anybodyelse—who aspire to heights that by all the rules of precedent are quite beyond you, should not falter at rebuffs. Your lofty aspiration counts almost ten per cent. If you will add to that the information and knowledge that are accessible to you, it is certain that you will soon exceed the ten per cent mark; and if you will then doggedly apply one hundred per cent of effort to the accomplishment of your aim, you can scarcely fail to achieve it.

I fear I am a bad story-teller, for I have tried to draw a moral from my story before the story is completed. You have probably already guessed that I finally got a favorable answer. Yes, I did; in fact, two. Oddly enough, they came the same morning, following some three months of unrewarded effort. One was from a large bond house, and said practically nothing except that the writer would be glad to see me in New York some time. The other was more human. It was written by the head of a firm of note and bond brokers. It stated in effect: You must think we are crazy if you imagine that we would for an instant consider you for such a position as you desire; yet we like your letter, and, if you have the nerve to come on to New York, we shall be glad to see you. It was a dare, and I went to New York. They wanted a sales manager. To make a long story short, I got the job. Of the three partners, two voted for me and one against me. I had taken my homeward-bound ticket, and telegraphed home the successful result of my trip, when I ran across an old college mate, who, in a curious way, had learned and gave me my first knowledge of the dissension that had arisen among the partners over my employment. He said, "You must watch out for that one fellow. He may try to get you."

In those days I had not learned that to placate one's enemies is as necessary as to show loyalty to one's friends, and I returned post haste to the office of my new employers and resigned the position I had so recently accepted. Perhaps I made a mistake. Sometimes I have thought that I did.

While in New York I took occasion to interview the bond house that had expressed a mild curiosity to see me. Here events moved rapidly. I was finally sent to the residence of the head of the house, a gouty old gentleman, who, contrary to the expectations I formed when I first saw his bandaged foot, treated me most considerately, although he shrewdly questioned me in a way that plumbed the depths of my professed qualifications. I do not think he was impressed with me, but I believe he thought that I might have possibilities. At least, a letter of inquiry which his house shortly wrote to a banker friend of mine briefly outlined certain contemplated plans concerning me that far exceeded anything my fondest hopes had pictured, although precisely what my "bond-broker letter" had described as the kind of place I sought. It might have gone through. It probably would have gone through in time, but there came at that identical point in the negotiations a sag in the bond market which was particularly inimical to the plans I had outlined. I had not the patience to wait. I had not then learned the full importance of "going ahead" one hundred per cent strong. Perhaps it didn't matter. I fancy now that it didn't. Perhaps my job is still waiting for me. At all events, my idea has not yet been put into effect, although it will be some time by some one.

I turned in disgust from bonds and notes. I wasn't as yet one hundred per cent strong on the "go ahead." I showed a yellow streak by throwing overboard my convictions that I ought to try to sell something to bankers. I decided that I would sell anything that I could get a chance to sell—at the same salary that I was getting as a credit and collection manager. There were half a dozen different lines that I knew something about. With the tardy energy of a neglectful scholar "cramming" for a final examination, I crammed myself with the contents of catalogues and trade papers. All of the lines of merchandise with which I had any familiarity were more or less mechanical. Again I had recourse to the public library, and studied the elementary principles of the various mechanisms which I intended to represent myself as capable of selling. It had always been my practice to read the publications that specialized on sales methods and selling problems. Now I commenced to propound hypothetical sales problems to myself and work out solutions of them. I developed several complete merchandising campaigns. In the seclusion of my den, and when launched against an imaginary buying public, these plans worked splendidly. I have never found out how they would work on a real buying public, for I have never tried any of them. I suppose

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

these games of "sales solitaire" were rather silly, yet I think they helped me to acquire towards sales work a view-point that was an aid to me more than once in subsequent years. Shortly—all too shortly, if you are to pass judgment on my qualifications—I commenced to write letters to manufacturers. Understand that I did not seek a position as a traveling salesman. I could have secured such a position with my then employers. What I wanted and must have, if I was to make the desired salary, was a place as sales manager, assistant sales manager, or branch sales manager. You may smile at my presumption, and you have a right to smile. Yet within a few months I had the choice of three such positions. I chose one, and became the so-called Western sales manager of an Eastern manufacturing concern. In reality I was the first branch manager for a manufacturer who had never had any branch houses before. Indirectly I became the cause of subsequent financial complications in the affairs of the company. The branch house that I opened was a success and influenced them to open seven more, which were not successes and which proved a constant drain on the resources of the company. Why was my branch a success? Simply because I went ahead one hundred per cent on selling plans that may not have been more than ten per cent right. By main strength and awkwardness I made good where a smarter man than I might easily have failed. I didn't know much about real salesmanship; so at frequent intervals I went out on the road to learn what I could. Luck seemed to be with me, for I made a good record as a salesman as well as manager of salesmen, of whom I had several under my direction. In time I was brought to the home office and made general sales manager. Later, the financial backers of the company withdrew their financial support and forced out the old executive management. I was made general manager. That statement may carry with it the inference that I "played politics." I didn't, and I have never known any one to get anywhere in business who did play politics. When I was made general manager, I was the most surprised man in the directors' room. To tell you the absolute truth, I had expected to be fired when the directors sent for me that day.

Well, I went ahead and mismanaged the company. At least that is what the former president was quoted in the newspapers as saying. I was inclined to agree with him partially. I certainly made a good many mistakes, but, partly by reason of circumstances over which I had no control, the business commenced to make money. Of course I claimed full credit for all the good things that happened—and got it. This was a time when "amalgamation" was a very popular practice among manufacturers. I saw a good chance to amalgamate, and we went at it. The syndicate wanted to buy me as a part of the business. At first I wanted to be bought, but later I got a "hunch," justified now by the latest stock exchange quotation of the capital stock of the final "amalgamation."

For the third time I entered the market for a job. This time I could afford to hire a typist, and, instead of sending out eight letters nightly, I sent out forty letters daily. I still clung to my first idea of distinctive stationery, and I used the best that I could buy. I also advertised. I got no results from the advertising, but the answers to my letters rolled in at a rapid rate. Comparatively few of the answers were favorable. One was ironical. It said: "There is only one suitable position for such a man as you are. You should be President of the United States." I am ashamed to admit that this letter got under my skin. I wrote in reply the only intemperate letter I have ever written. It contained less than fifty words. I still hope it stung.

Yes, most of the replies were unfavorable, but there were a few encouraging letters. They were encouraging enough, and there were enough of them to make me believe that I could find profitable employment as a sales department organizer. I did work of this character for three different manufacturing concerns with whom I had got in touch through these letters, and I believe that none of them consider that the money they paid me was wasted.

During my connection with the last of these three concerns I commenced to feel an inclination to be permanently located again. So for the fourth time I went on the trail of a job, and this time I happened to remember the suggestion of the Chicago employment agent.

I did not adopt his idea of running a newspaper advertisement for the purpose of getting a "blind" address and then reproducing and circulating the advertisement. However, I did issue a rather striking printed circular which briefly described the character of my experience and supposed qualifications. This

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

circular did not disclose my name, but instead gave my post-office box address. I do not remember the wording of the circular except that it started in this way: "Ninety-nine others in addition to yourself will receive this. That admission and this printed page are a challenge of the conventions." There followed an explanation of the reasons for adopting this method. As I recall it, the circular was not a job-seeking communication. I believe it merely asked for permission to write more fully.

I sent out one hundred of these printed circulars. Each envelope was marked for "The President" of the company addressed, and the word "personal" was written on the front of the envelope and also across the back at the place where the envelope was sealed. I received forty-seven answers. One was sarcastic and anonymous—post-marked Philadelphia. Thirty-seven were merely polite acknowledgments. Nine were the kind of answers I sought. I corresponded with these nine concerns and had interviews with the officials of several of them. Finally I had an opportunity to decide between three large companies. I made a decision and took a job with one of them. In time I became an officer of that company. It is the largest of its kind in the world and enjoys the top rating of the mercantile credit guides. I have an income that exceeds what I once regarded as sufficient, and yet is somewhat below my present needs. Nevertheless, I am measurably contented. Since my first job I have never been jobless for a minute, and I hope that I shall never have to go job-hunting again. But if I do, I shall know how to proceed. Although I may have to get another job sometime, I never expect to have a chance to "accept a position."

What I have told you covers about twenty years of job-getting and job-holding, during which I have grown middle-aged without growing very wise. I have not learned much, but I have learned that the young man who is most likely to deserve a job is the young man who goes after it with the greatest degree of intelligence and persistence. The man, young or old, who doesn't seek a job intelligently isn't likely to fill it intelligently.

GATHERING UP THE FRAGMENTS

BY LEWIS EDWIN THEISS

EVERY day one discovers new wonders in the Bible. Long ago we came to accept Scriptural proverbs as the final word in matters of morals, and even of health. Now we have discovered in the Scriptures the ultimate direction for conservation. So there comes into existence a gigantic combination of capital that is earning huge dividends through the application of the Biblical injunction, "Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost."

The National Association of Waste Material Dealers, assembled recently in New York at the end of the first year of business, reported that the value of the fragments gathered annually in the United States totaled seven hundred million dollars. All of this wealth was created out of waste!

Waste is like dirt—it is merely misplaced material. By recombining, by rearranging, by replacing—in short, by the alchemy of science—these new conservationists are changing the base materials of waste into gold. And much of these base materials is waste that the producers have been paying well to be rid of!

Old tin cans, those unsightly litterers of our back yards and ash-heaps, together with discarded hardware and cooking utensils, furnished pure tin worth fourteen million dollars for use in manufacture. The sheet iron that forms the basis of tin cans is recovered and used for making window-sash weights. "Scrap iron" is melted down and converted into structural steel of first quality. Ammoniac and Prussian blue are made from the waste of white iron. Often the materials so recovered are made over again into the same form—as new cans from old. Truly, in the language of the day, Aladdin with his magic lamp "had nothing on these modern magicians." Specifically the coating on tin cans, even though rusted, is removed and purified by chemical treatment and used again to veneer other cans. Some of the tin thus recovered is used for weighting silks. Hence

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

my lady goes to the ball these days adorned with the product of her ash-heap. The solder on tin cans is used for lead. Even the paper wrappers can be converted into fresh paper.

The tiny threads and scraps of tin left from the making of tin cans used to be just so much waste in the eyes of packers. In fact, it cost them considerable sums to have this litter carted away to convenient dump heaps. To-day such waste is collected, baled, and until lately it was shipped to Germany, whence it returned to us at Christmas time as gay tin toys. A German firm has contracted for immense quantities of this tin scrap, and recently a cargo of one hundred and fifty thousand bales was shipped from the Puget Sound canneries alone.

Probably the new conservationists have done nothing more striking than to convert the waste of iron mills into fertilizer, cement, paving blocks, ornamental mantels, etc. All these things and more are made with iron slag—the refuse of the iron mills that once was piled in unsightly mountains beside every mill. Now this slag is used in glass-making. It contains a considerable percentage of phosphorus, and when pulverized is a valuable fertilizing agent. It can be made into artificial roofing slates at about half the cost of quarrying and finishing the genuine slates. These artificial slates have the advantage of being translucent. Thus a covering of them becomes a skylight as well as a slate roof.

Coal slag has been as hideously destructive and obstructive as iron refuse. To-day the culm heaps at collieries are being "washed" to recover the fragments of good coal in them; while the coal slag, mixed with lime, stiffens into a very strong, heavy mass that is used in building.

Old rags, old socks, old woolens, old cotton, all are extremely valuable forms of waste. Rags are sorted and used according to their kind and quality. Some are made into paper, some into garments. Certain kinds of cotton rags are needed to make fine paper for books. This supply was once limited to rags collected by peddlers. At that time the waste in cotton mills was piling up until it cost the cotton manufacturers considerable money to get it carted away. They gave it freely to any one who would remove it. Now this same waste is bought in great quantities by paper makers. In addition to the millions of dollars' worth of rags used at home, we now annually export other millions of dollars' worth.

But conservation in cotton does not end with the waste of the mills. The seeds of the cotton plant, once burned to get rid of them, are now a valuable source of oils, foodstuffs, fertilizers, lard compounds, etc. In fact, the seed once thrown away now constitutes one-fifth of the value of the cotton crop. The annual value of the cottonseed produced in the United States is now estimated at $50,000,000. Truly in cotton the fragments have been gathered up so that nothing is lost.

Socks—the unguaranteed ones that get holes in them—are shipped to Germany in great cargoes to be unraveled and made into cloth. Woolen rags go the same way, and appear again as low-grade woolen cloths. The rag dealers in the new association exported in 1913 more than $2,000,000 worth of old woolen rags for this purpose.

But conservation in wool does not end with using the rags. Even the grease from the wool is saved. From this are taken oils, fats, acids, potassium salts. Wool grease is used as the basis of many ointments, lubricants, leather dressings, etc. It is estimated that more than $3,000,000 worth of potassium carbonate is saved (or before the war was saved) annually from the wool wash waters of mills and scouring establishments in France and Belgium. Before this new form of conservation was practiced a sum equally large was wasted yearly in our own country.

Rubber is another article that figures largely in the new conservation. With crude rubber costing more than one dollar a pound, this utilization of old rubber is a great blessing to the motorists and other users of rubber. Old inner tubes can be melted and the rubber used again with very little treatment. The recovery of the rubber in outer tires and old overshoes—the principal sources of waste rubber—is more difficult. The rubber must be finely ground, so that the fiber of the coated fabric may be eaten out by acids or blown out by air. The recovered rubber, after further chemical treatment, is almost as good as new. In Germany a peculiar rubber preparation is made from the old rubber buffer rings used on railway cars. This new preparation has qualities different from the original rubber. It is a thin, dark fluid, which dries quickly in the open air. It has lost its elasticity, but it is as waterproof as ever. It is used as a paint or coating for carriages, cars, ships, etc.

The statement was made above that my

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lady goes to the ball adorned with the products of the ash-heap. She would be surprised if she knew how largely the ash-heap contributes to her toilet. The glistening powder on hat and gown ornaments, sometimes iridescent, sometimes colored to match the robe, is the final reduction of refuse from old clam or mussel shells. The sweepings from the button factories, once thrown away, are now ground into the finest powder. Its natural color is a delicate bronze, with a silky, metallic luster; but it can be made to take on every hue of the rainbow. It is largely used in the manufacture of paper flowers and other glistening ornaments. It gives sparkle to some kinds of wall paper. Nor does my lady stop here in the use of ash-heap decorations. Waste fruits, decaying peaches, spoiled pears, and the like furnish certain oils and other substances that are made into perfumes.

All New Yorkers are familiar with the saying, used of certain persons, that "they will never set the East River afire." There was a time when one did not need to be half a genius to ignite that body of water. That was in the days—not so very long ago either—when the surface of the stream was frequently covered with the inflammable wastes of the Hunter's Point oil works. More than once the East River has been ablaze from shore to shore. To overcome this peril the aldermen were for years at war with the oil works. To-day there is no inflammable waste on the East River. The oil company has gathered up these inflammable fragments and is selling them to the public as paraffin, gasoline, naphtha, benzine, aniline dyes, synthetic chemicals that cost many dollars an ounce or a gram, and, finally, cutler's ivory for cheap knife handles. The oil producers have been as true conservationists as the Chicago packers who use every part of a pig but the squeal.

And now we are beginning to utilize wastes that seem almost as elusive as the squeal. Smoke and gas and factory fumes that have hitherto polluted our atmosphere, we are now learning, are products of value. A cord of ordinary wood generates twenty-eight thousand cubic feet of smoke when burned. One hundred cords yield smoke containing six tons of lime acetate and twenty-five pounds of tar. Smoke also contains the elements of alcohol. The same quantity of smoke will produce no less than two hundred gallons of spirits suitable for heating or lighting. One of the smelters near Salt Lake City, according to Dr. J. H. Hart, belches into the air daily smoke that contains five hundred tons of sulphur as sulphur dioxide, and that is worth $10,000. Think of it—material worth $10,000 a day thrown away!

But now that the new conservationists have pointed out these things, we are using even smoke. Where smoke is conserved there is a marked increase in furnace capacity and a large decrease in coal consumption. The fumes are condensed. Sulphuric acid worth two to five cents a pound is produced from smoke, together with oils and other products. One of the great copper smelters in the West built at enormous expense an inclined stack up the side of a mountain to carry away the deadly fumes that were so destructive to growing plants. Now it turns its smoke into arsenic. In the most modern of our steel mills the gas generated from the coal is no longer belched out into the air, but is collected and burned, thus cutting the coal bill in half.

Wood waste, once an annoyance and an actual expense, is now used in myriad ways. Special furnaces have been made that use sawdust for fuel. Thus the coal bill is cut. Sawdust mixed with glue, rosin, or blood is worked into a paste and molded into various shapes. These can be colored and coated with an insoluble covering. Such blocks are largely used in parquetry floors. Sawdust is also used in the preparation of oxalic acid, artificial vanillin, wood vinegar, alcohol, and tar. Sawdust is used in mortar to prevent cracks in plaster. Stoppers are made from shavings, casks from waste wood.

One of the most astonishing things accomplished by the new conservation is the gathering up of the fragments of feathers. Our grandmothers used to pluck the hens and geese, sun the feathers, and use them for beds. But science has shown that these sun-cured feathers were really very unclean. To-day the pillow manufacturer takes out tons and tons of dirt from similar feathers. This is partly dust, but mostly it consists of small pieces of flesh and skin that have adhered to the feathers. For years pillow-makers paid teamsters so much a load to haul away this waste. Now it is known that this waste is rich in nitrogen, and so is a good fertilizer. Now it sells for ten dollars a ton. What would our grandmothers think if they knew the inside story of their feather beds?

Similarly we have leather waste, horn

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

shavings, bones, cork, old glass, and a thousand other products that once were cast on the dump heap that are now yielding millions upon millions of dollars' worth of valuable products.

Even so elusive and ephemeral a thing as the soap bubble is now conserved. The soap suds from textile mills, once poured into the nearest stream, can now be made to yield rich cargoes of oils, fats, acids, soaps. In one German establishment these suds are precipitated with lime. The coagulum is collected, pressed into bricks, dried, and heated. A gas is obtained that has three times the illuminating power of gas made from coal. Twice as much gas is produced from its suds as this factory needs for its own use.

Ruskin said that there is no such thing as bad weather—only different kinds of good weather. In the final analysis there is no such thing as waste; there are only different kinds of useful material. The new conservationists have shown us how to use these different materials.

For these men are conservationists. As the President of the Waste Material Dealers' Association said at their recent meeting: "The waste material dealers are the true conservationists. Without attracting attention, the dealers in things that not very long ago were considered worthless trash have built up a business that in capital involved and materials handled ranks with some of the great industries. Greater results have been achieved from the saving of waste materials than from the irrigation of barren lands. The dealers in waste have reclaimed millions of dollars. They have turned the dump heaps into gold mines. They have shown the way to real conservation." As our civilization advances we shall more and more conserve our resources; and we shall do it by gathering up the fragments.

THE SPECTATOR

"SO I kept on talking to the great caribou in his own caribou language, and he stood still and listened, until I came as near to him as that table—only ten feet away. If you will only learn the language of the animals, boys, you can get closer to them than any hunter."

"Well, I'm sure I don't want Harold to learn anything like *that!*" whispered a woman to her next neighbor. "I want him to keep away from wild animals as far as he can!"

But Harold was rapt in the story. Sitting forward in his chair, with his eyes bulging out of his head, he was following every word, and so were scores of other boys. Now and then, as the reader went on, puting in most interesting asides, a wave of excited giggles or exclamations would burst from the youthful hearers—for boys giggle as well as girls on occasion, and this occasion was a satisfying one.

The occasion was the Children's Hour at the Better Book Show. The Better Baby Show is well known to all American cities nowadays. The Better Book Show is just beginning its career. A few places have tried it, and other towns are just waking up to the idea. The reason for it is a practical one. America, the land of freedom, and supposedly the land of education, reads fewer and poorer books, in proportion to its population, than is pleasant for patriots to think about. The percentage of reading in the United States is very low compared to England or Germany. Whether or not this is due to the "movies," to automobiling (week-end or otherwise), to the theater habit, to the cheap magazine and the yellow newspaper, may be debated. But the fact remains that Better Books would be a good thing for most American households—and hence the Better Book Show, in which publishers, authors, and public all join in large numbers.

Here, in Boston, in the big show-room of a big new store which does not sell books (for no books are sold in this exhibit, as far as the Spectator could see), the "thousand best books of the year" were gathered from dozens of publishers' pressrooms. "Dear me! the list of the hundred best books used to be bad enough," said the Spectator's cousin, "but a thousand—they're not in rows, though—that's a help." It was extraordinarily clever, indeed, the delightful way in which the traps were set for eye and mind. A book on a shelf is one thing; a book carelessly lying on a table, among three

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

or four others, with an easy chair drawn up waiting for the passer-by to sit down, and a shaded electric reading-lamp at just the right height above it, is quite another matter as respects drawing power. The exhibit stood open all day, the Spectator was told, free to the Boston public, that finest of all reading publics. Famous authors read from their books on the unobtrusive platform at the front. There was a Children's Hour every Saturday morning, upon which, as the Spectator has told in his opening paragraphs, he and his cousin had happened. There was a Musicians' Hour, and a Bookbinding Hour, and a Teachers' Hour, too, and reading by poets from their books of verses. "Nothing like it has ever been done in any other country before," said the courteous usher, "and the attendance is remarkable. Look at these children!"

They were worth looking at. A better audience no author could dream of. They stirred and cheeped all over the room, like a nest of alert little birds, and responded to every reader. They had come because they wanted to hear a nature-lover tell of the wild animals he had met, and a teller of animal tales unfold entrancing annals of the barnyard and the circus. They came early, and they meant to stay all through. They ranged from three years of age to thirteen, and many children of larger growth came too. The Spectator's cousin sat down determinedly. "I *must* hear how the cow learned the new dances!" she said. But the Spectator could not sit down even to hear that alluring modern instance while the bookish vistas around him beckoned. So he wandered about, finding fascinations everywhere.

For example, the small, trig bookstand with spaces for only half a dozen books, all in limp leather, invited curiosity. A Bible, a Bible dictionary, an encyclopædia of quotations, a copy of Cushing's "Manual of Parliamentary Law"—why, it was as plain as day that this was planned for a pastor's study, to provide for sermons and committee meetings alike. In its way, it was as compressed and handy as the pemmican of the explorer. A man with a clerical collar was hanging over it fondly—and no wonder. Not far away was a different appeal—a low child's table, with three tiny chairs around it, strewn with picture books and with a gayly painted bookrack holding favorites to grow up to, such as "Arabian Nights," "Robinson Crusoe, "The Young Emigrants," and Andersen's "Fairy Tales." The Better Books keynote was there at the very beginning—

> "There is no frigate like a book
> To take us lands away,
> Nor any courser like a page
> Of prancing poetry."

The Baby Bird-Finder challenged from the wall—for every wall was hung with posters, original book illustrations, war maps, and so on. This Bird-Finder, two inches long and four inches wide, was evidently made for those ardent souls who find fifty birds with an opera-glass before breakfast. It was "little, but oh my!" *De luxe* editions and rare books, near by in glass cases, were the aristocrats of the show. A skilled, alert worker, with nervous, shapely hands and a seal ring on his finger, was tooling a book-cover in leisurely style as part of the exhibit. The Spectator was reminded of the Irishman who wanted to be a bishop because "it was such a clane, aisy job!" The gold-leaf, softly breathed upon, the cotton-wool pad that pressed it into place, the row of neat pots of vinegar, paste, and white of egg ("like a make-up outfit," as one girl whispered to another), the dainty circle of tools on an electric heating-plate, were indescribably neat. "It's a Grolier pattern, this one," said the workman. "The rose pattern there is English. That design," indicating a heavy mass of interlacing angular lines overwhelming an unattractive black leather binding, "won the prize at the Centennial." "Would it win one now?" asked the Spectator, feeling a bit depressed; but he was reassured by the reply that it probably wouldn't have a chance!

Hard by was an exhibit where many lingered. It showed the "Making of a Manuscript into a Book." There was a typewritten manuscript, with all the author's corrections and marginal notes. Then came the proof and the plates and the half-tone processes of the illustrations (which hung on the wall above *in propria persona*) and the binding, and the finished book lying new and inviting before the public. A slight, bright-eyed young man hung over this display and waylaid an author of the Spectator's acquaintance who happened to pass. He wanted to know, this ambitious youth, how to approach a publisher, and which ones were the very best. Perhaps this very exhibit may give the world

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the future the "great American author"—who knows? It is quite within its boundless and incalculable potentialities, as Dr. Johnson would put it. How the Doctor would have enjoyed a Better Book Show! And how Grub Street has changed since his day!

All knowledge is the province of a show like this, and every table and book-rack was a terminus for many trains of thought. "The Book of the Bayeux Tapestry" lay across "The Sun Lore of All Ages." Emerson elbowed Virgil. The Boydell Shakespeare, magnificent in red morocco, fraternized under glass with Hood's "Comic Annual." Molière, Daudet, Stevenson, and Brontë, in exquisite bindings, stood shoulder to shoulder. Yet the tired business man was not forgotten either, for there was a "model business man's library," with a map of Europe (subject to change, of course) on the wall, a roll-top desk, a typewriter stand, a dictionary and its holder, a broad table with half a dozen business magazines, several deep, comfortable leather chairs, and a bookcase full of the "best business books," ranging from authorities on insurance and transportatio and profit-sharing to municipal accounting and investments and scientific management. The housewife, too, had her place, with a bookcase of domestic science, and the doctors were not forgotten. Among the medical books were some showing the popular modern trend, such as "Reducing Weight Comfortably," "Why Worry?" "Those Nerves," "Geriatrics—the Diseases of Old Age," "The Modern Factory," etc. Some of the book neighbors in the exhibit were picturesque. The War Table, loaded with such titles as "Armageddon and After," "Secrets of the German War Office," "War Book of Facts," and "Submarine Warfare," was cheek by jowl with a table strewn with twenty editions of "Mother Goose." It is a calming thing to remember, surely, how many wars have come and gone since "Mother Goose" first blessed the world with her immortal couplet:

"The King of France, with twenty thousand men,
Marched up the hill, and then marched down again!"

Wars pass, war maps change, but "Mother Goose" goes into more editions every year. As the Spectator looked at the eager audience of children, at the portraits on the walls, at the immortal wit and wisdom and beauty beckoning from an endless multitude of volumes, he echoed the words of old Richard de Bury, who in 1345, even before printing was, proclaimed of books:

"These are the masters who instruct us without whip and rod, without harsh words or anger, asking naught in return. If you seek them, they are not asleep; if you ask counsel, they do not refuse it; if you go astray, they do not chide; if you betray ignorance to them, they know not how to laugh in scorn.

"Truly, of all our masters, books alone are free, and freely teach."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BY THE WAY

Everywhere in South Africa, a writer in "Business" says, signs announce: "Business as usual during alterations to the map of Europe." American manufacturers, he says, may well cultivate trade at this time with the enterprising cities of South Africa, especially with Johannesburg, or "Jo'burg," as it is called, which is "about the size of our Kansas City but far richer;" Cape Town, the principal seaport; and Durban, the largest city of Natal. In these places "business is virtually waiting for the American manufacturer."

The Pennsylvania Railroad is to a considerable extent owned by women, though they do not seem as yet to be represented on its official staff. The latest report, that of December, 1914, shows that 48.17 per cent of the road's shareholders are women, numbering in all 43,913 individuals.

In four years, says a writer in "Travel," trap-shooting, a sport in which a clay disc is hurled rapidly from a steel spring trap to be shot at by a marksman, has increased fourfold. There are now 4,000 trap-shooting clubs in the country, and last year they used 500,000,000 clay pigeons; the sport, which has supplanted the cruel practice of pigeon-shooting, is said now to occupy "a position second only to baseball in the number of its devotees and active participants."

Under the head "Our Personal Column (If War Were Individual and Local)" "Life" prints this sarcasm: "John Robinson's eldest son, Jack, broke into the church last Thursday and smashed the cut-glass windows and ripped the gold off the altar. His father has presented him with a silver cup in honor of his bravery." Incidentally and not unappreciatively, why "cut" instead of "stained" glass?

The convict road-builders of Colorado, according to "Good Roads," work on the honor system, without guards, stockades, or striped clothing. Warden Tynan, of the State Penitentiary, says that under this system the quantity of work performed has been tripled, that only about one per cent of the men have tried to get away, and that the majority work "with an energy and zeal that have never before been equaled."

Two writers of English fiction who will doubtless have something to say about the war are Joseph Conrad, who has been writing his novel "Victory" in the Polish village in which he has been immured by the conflict, and May Sinclair, author of "The Divine Fire," who has joined an ambulance corps and is working at the front.

The First Congregational Church of Montclair, New Jersey, is to have a new building, to be surmounted by a fine tower erected in memory of the Rev. A. H. Bradford, who was for many years pastor of the church and was a frequent contributor to The Outlook. A phrase in the church calendar announcing the beginning of the work will awaken sympathetic echoes in many a minister's heart. It reads: "The sound of the picks in the early morning, when a large gang of men set to work on the excavation for our new church, was like music at the parsonage."

A *nouveau riche* who was noted for his misuse of the King's English is quoted by an exchange as dilating on the cost of the kennels for his new country place in these words: "It's just throwing money into the fire. We haven't an animal on the place worth two dollars; but the way those architects are fitting up those confounded kennels, any one would think that they expected them to be occupied by the Dog of Venice himself!"

The largest windmill in the world is believed to be one recently erected in Friesland to drain a great marsh. The mill is built entirely of steel, and its wheel is 39½ feet in diameter. At its maximum capacity it lifts more than 7,500 gallons of water a minute.

The sight of vast numbers of men in arms exercises an obsessing influence on the beholder. Frederick Palmer, war correspondent, says in "Everybody's" that when he traveled on one of sixty-five French military trains, each bearing a thousand men through Dunkirk in a single day, it seemed to him that the French army was invincible. But trains of reservists in Germany exercised, in turn, the spell of German invincibility. The Germans' belief in their ultimate victory, based on what they have seen but taking no account of the vastly greater forces of the Allies which they have not seen, is thus accounted for.

In the Congressional Library at Washington is a collection of miniature books, the smallest of which, a copy of the "Rubaiyát" of Omar Khayyám, is said to have pages only ⅜ of an inch long. Two of the volumes of the collection, an English Dictionary and Robert Burns's Poems, are incased in watch charms, which are faced with a small magnifying glass for reading the tiny books.

The use of teak in ship-building is said to be increasing throughout the world, as indicated by the value of the wood exported from India. In 1905 this amounted to $2,270,000, while in 1913 it had risen to over three millions. The increase is perhaps due in part to the advertising of the qualities of teak through the exhibition of the famous convict ship Success, built entirely of this wood. This vessel was built 122 years ago; it lay at the bottom of Sydney Harbor for three years, was then raised, and is still a stanch and seaworthy craft.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED